

*Virgidemiarum.*

S A T I R E S

I N

S I X   B O O K S.

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O X F O R D,

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MDCCLIII.

## DE SUIS SATIRIS.

*Dum satyræ dixi, videor dixisse sat iræ  
Corripio; aut istæc non satis est satyra.*

*Ira facit satyram, reliquum sat temperat iram;  
Pingue tuo satyram sanguine, tum satyra est.*

*Ecce novam satyram: satyrum sine cornibus! Euge  
Monstra novi monstri hæc, & satyri & satyræ.*

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# P R E F A C E.

Bishop Hall's reputation is so thoroughly establish'd for his learning and piety that the publication of any work which bears his name, and was undoubtedly of his composition, must be acceptable to the reader. Mr. Pope saw these Satires, but so late in life that he could only bestow this commendation on them, which they truly deserve, to *wish he had seen them sooner*.

The ingenious Mr. Whalley, in his *Enquiry into the Learning of Shakespeare*, has taken particular notice of them. Page 41, in the notes, he says,

“ Bishop Hall was born in 1574, and, publishing these satires twenty-three years after, was, as he himself asserts, in the prologue, the first satyrist in the English language:

*I first adventure, follow me who list,  
And be the second English Satyrift.*

“ And if we consider the difficulty of introducing so nice a poem as satire into a nation, we must allow it required the assistance of no common and ordinary genius. The Italians had their Ariosto, and the French their Regnier, who might have served him as models for imitation; but he copies after the antients, and chiefly Juvenal and Persius; tho' he wants not many strokes of elegance and delicacy, which shew him perfectly acquainted with

“ the manner of Horace. Among the several dis-  
“ couragements which attended his attempt in that  
“ kind, he mentions one peculiar to the language and  
“ nature of the English versification, which would ap-  
“ pear in the translation of one of Persius’s satires :  
“ *The difficulty and dissonance whereof, says he, shall make*  
“ *good my assertion ; besides the plain experience thereof*  
“ *in the satires of Ariosto ; save which, and one base*  
“ *French Satire, I could never attain the view of*  
“ *any for my direction.* Yet we may pay him al-  
“ most the same compliment which was given of old to  
“ Homer and Archilochus : For the improvements  
“ which have been made by succeeding poets, bear no  
“ manner of proportion to the distance of time between  
“ him and them. The verses of Bishop Hall are in  
“ general extremely musical and flowing, and are  
“ greatly preferable to Dr. Donne’s, as being of a  
“ much smoother cadence ; neither shall we find him  
“ deficient, if compared with his successor, in point  
“ of thought and wit ; and to exceed him with respect  
“ to his characters, which are more numerous, and  
“ wrought up with greater art and strength of colour-  
“ ing. Many of his lines would do honour to the  
“ most ingenious of our modern poets ; and some of  
“ them have thought it worth their labour to imitate  
“ him, especially Mr. Oldham. Bishop Hall was not  
“ only our first satirist, but was the first who brought  
“ epistolary writing to the view of the public ; which  
“ was common in that age to other parts of Europe,  
“ but not practised in England, till he published his  
“ own epistles. It may be proper to take notice, that  
“ the Virgidemiarum are not printed with his other  
“ writings ; and that all account of them is omitted by  
“ him, thro’ his extreme modesty, in the specialities of  
“ his life, prefixed to the 3d vol. of his works in folio.  
“ I cannot forbear mentioning a Latin book of his,  
“ equally valuable and forgotten, called *Mundus alter*  
“ & *idem* ; where under a pretended description of the  
“ Tena

## P R E F A C E.

" Terra Australis, he gives us a very ingenious satire  
" on the vices and follies of mankind."

The author's *Postscript to his Satires* will perhaps now be better plac'd here by way of Preface.

**I**T is not for every one to relish a true and natural satire, being of itself, besides the nature and inbred bitterness and tartness of particulars, both hard of conceit and harsh of stile, and therefore cannot but be unpleasing both to the unskilful and over musical ear; the one being affected with only a shallow and easy matter, the other with a smooth and current disposition: so that I well foresee in the timely publication of these my concealed satires, I am set upon the rack of many merciless and peremptory censures; which, sith the calmest and most plausible writer is almost fatally subject to, in the curiosity of these nicer times, how may I hope to be exempted upon the occasion of so busy and stirring a subject? One thinks it mis-beseeming the author, because a poem; another, unlawful in itself because a satire; a third harmful to others for the sharpness; and a fourth, unsatire-like for the mildness: the learned, too perspicuous, being named with Juvenal, Persius, and the other antient satires: the unlearned, favourless, because too obscure, and obscure because not under their reach. What a monster must he be that would please all!

Certainly look what weather it would be if every almanack should be verified: much-what like poems if every fancy should be suited. It is not for this kind to desire or hope to please, which naturally should only find pleasure in displeasing: notwithstanding, if the fault finding with the vices of the time may honestly accord with the good will of the parties, I had as lieve ease my self with a slender apology, as wilfully bear the brunt of causeless anger in my silence. For poetry itself, after the ~~so~~ effectual and absolute endeavours of

her honoured patrons, either she needeth no new defence, or else might well scorn the offer of so impotent and poor a client. Only for my own part, tho' were she a more unworthy mistres, I think she might be inoffensively served with the broken mesles of our twelve o'clock hours, which homely service she only claimed and found of me, for that short while of my attendance: yet having thus soon taken my solemn farewell of her, and shak'd hands with all her retinue, why should it be an eye-fore unto any, sith it can be no loss to my self?

For my satires themselves, I see two obvious cavils to be answered: one concerning the matter; than which I confess none can be more open to danger, to envy; sith faults loath nothing more than the light, and men love nothing more than their faults, and therefore, what thro' the nature of the faults, and fault of the persons, it is impossible so violent an impeachment should be quietly brooked. But why should vices be unblamed for fear of blame? And if thou mayst spit upon a toad unvenomed, why mayst thou not speak of vice without danger? Especially so warily as I have endeavoured; who, in the unpartial mention of so many vices, may safely profess to be altogether guiltless in my self to the intention of any guilty person who might be blemished by the likelihood of my conceived application, thereupon choosing rather to marre mine own verse than another's name: which notwithstanding, if the injurious reader shall wret to his own spight, and disparaging of others, it is a short answer, *Art thou guilty?* Complain not, thou art not wronged. *Art thou guiltless?* Complain not, thou art not touched. The other, concerning the manner, wherein perhaps too much stooping to the low reach of the vulgar, I shall be thought not to have any whit kindly raught my ancient Roman predecesiors, whom in the want of more late and familiar precedents, I am constrained thus far off to imitate: which thing I can be so willing

ling to grant, that I am further ready to warrant my action therein to any indifferent censure. First therefore, I dare boldly avouch that the English is not altogether so natural to a satire as the Latin; which I do not impute to the nature of the language itself, being so far from disabling it any way, that methinks I durst equal it to the proudest in every respect; but to that which is common to it with all the other common languages, Italian, French, German, &c. In their poesies the fettering together the series of the verses, with the bonds of like cadence or desinence of rhyme, which if it be unusually abrupt, and not dependent in sense upon so near affinity of words, I know not what a loathsome kind of harshnes and discordance it breedeth to any judicial ear: which if any more confident adversary shall gainsay, I wish no better trial than the translation of one of Persius's satires into English; the difficulty and dissonance whereof shall make good my assertion: besides, the plain experience thereof in the satires of Ariosto, (save which, and one base French satire, I could never attain the view of any for my direction, and that also might for need serve for an excuse at least) whose chain-verie, to which he fettereth himself, as it may well afford a pleasing harmony to the ear, so can it yield nothing but a flashy and loose conceit to the judgment. Whereas the Roman numbers tying but one foot to another, offereth a greater freedom of variety, with much more delight to the reader. Let my second ground be, the well-known dainties of the time, such, that men rather chuse carelesly to lose the sweet of the kernell, than to urge their teeth with breaking the shell wherein it was wrapped: and therefore sith that which is unseen is almost undone, and that is almost unseen which is unconceived, either I would say nothing to be untalk'd of, or speak with my mouth open that I may be understood. Thirdly, the end of this pains was a satire, but the end of my satire a further good, which whether I attain or no I know not; but let

me be plain with the hope of profit, rather than purposely obscure only for a bare name's sake.

Notwithstanding, in the expectation of this quarrel, I think my first satire doth somewhat resemble the sour and crabbed face of Juvenal's, which I endeavouring in that, did determinately omit in the rest, for these forenamed causes, that so I might have somewhat to stop the mouth of every accuser. The rest to each man's censure : which let be as favourable as so thankless a work can deserve or desire.

*End of the Author's Postscript.*

It is needless to detain the reader longer, further than to mention that the three first books are called *Toothless Satires, poetical, academical, moral.* The three last, *Biteing Satires.*

## A

## DEFIANCE to ENVY.

**N**AY; let the prouder pines of Ida feare  
 The sudden fires of heaven, and decline  
 Their yielding tops that dar'd the skies whilere :  
 And shake your sturdy trunks ye prouder pines,  
 Whose swelling grains are like begall'd alone,  
 With the deep furrows of the thunder-stone.

Stand ye secure, ye safer shrubs below,  
 In humble dales, whom heav'ns do not despight ;  
 Nor angry clouds conspire your overthrow,  
 Envying at your too disdainful height.

Let high attempts dread envy and ill tongues,  
 And cow'r'dly shrinke for feare of causeleſſe wrongs.

So wont big oaks feare winding ivy weed :  
 So soaring eagles fear the neighbour sunne :  
 So golden Mazor wont suspicion breed,  
 Of deadly hemlock's poisoned potion :  
 So adders shroud themselves in faireſt leaves :  
 So fouler fate the fairer thing bereaves.

Nor the low bush feares climbing ivy twine :  
 Nor lowly bustard dreads the distant rays :  
 Nor earthen pot wont ſecret death to ſhrine :  
 Nor subtle snake doth lurk in pathed ways.

Nor baser deed dreads envy and ill tongues,  
 Nor shrinks ſo ſoon for fear of causeleſſe wrongs.

Needs

Needs me then hope, or doth me need mis-dread:  
Hope for that honour, dread that wrongful spite :  
Spite of the party, honour of the deed,  
Which wont alone on lofty objects light.

That envy should accost my muse and me,  
For this so rude and recklesse poesy.

Would she but shade her tender browes with bay,  
That now lye bare in carelesse wilful rage,  
And trance herself in that sweet extacy,  
That rouzeth drooping thoughts of bashful age.

(Tho' now those bays and that aspired thought,  
In carelesse rage she sets at worse than nought.)

Or would we loose her plamy pineon,  
Manicled long with bonds of modest feare,  
Soone might she have those kestrels proud outgone,  
Whose flighty wings are dew'd with wetter aire,  
And hopen now to shoulder from above  
The eagle from the stairs of friendly Jove.

Or lift she rather in late triumph reare  
Eternal trophies to some conquerour,  
Whose dead deserts slept in his sepulcher,  
And never saw, nor life, nor light before :  
To lead sad Pluto captive with my song,  
To grace the triumphs he obscur'd so long.

Or scour the rusted swards of elvish knights,  
Bathed in pagan blood, or sheath them new  
In misty moral types ; or tell their fights,  
Who mighty giants, or who monsters slew :  
And by some strange enchanted speare and shielde,  
Vanquish'd their foe, and won the doubtful field.

May

\* DEFIANCE TO ENVY..

*May-be she might in stately stanzas frame  
Stories of ladies, and advent'rous knights,  
To raise her silent and inglorious name  
Unto a reachlesse pitch of praises bight,  
And somewhat say, as more unworthy danc,  
Worthy of braffe, and hoary marble ston.*

*Then might vain envy waste her duller wing,  
To trace the airy steps she spiteing sees,  
And vainly faint in hopelesse following  
The clouded paths her native droffe denies.*

*But now such lowly satires here I sing,  
Not worth our Muse, not worth her envying.*

*Too good (if ill) to be expos'd to blame:  
Too good, if worse, to shadow shamelesse vice.  
Ill, if too good, not answering their name:  
So good and ill in fickle censure lies.*

*Since in our satire lies both good and ill,  
And they and it in varying readers will.*

*Witnessse ye Muses how I wilful sung  
These heady rhimes, withouten second care;  
And wish'd them worse, my guilty thoughts among;  
The ruder satire should go ragg'd and bare,  
And shew his rougher and his hairy hide,  
Tho' mine be smooth, and deck'd in carelesse pride.*

*Would we but breathe within a wax-bound quill,  
Pan's seven-fold pipe, some plaintive pastoral;  
To teach each hollow grove, and scrubby hill,  
Each murmuring brook, each solitary vale  
To sound our love, and to our song accord,  
Wearying Echo with one changelesse word.*

Or

## DEFIANCE TO ENVY.

Or list us make two striving shepherds sing,  
With costly wagers for the victory,  
Under Menalcas judge; while one doth bring  
A carven bowl well wrought of beechen tree,  
Praising it by the story, or the frame,  
Or want of use, or skilful maker's name.

Another layeth a well-marked lamb,  
Or spotted kid, or some more forward steere,  
And from the paile doth praise their fertile dam;  
So do they strive in doubt, in hope, in feare,  
Awaiting for their trusty umpire's doome,  
Faulted as false by him that's overcome.

Whether so me list my lovely thought to sing,  
Come dance ye nimble Dryads by my side,  
Ye gentle wood-nymphs come; and with you bring  
The willing fawns that mought your musick guide.

Come nymphs and fawns, that haunt those shady groves,  
While I report my fortunes or my loves.

Or whether list me sing so personate,  
My striving selfe to conquer with my verse,  
Speake ye attentive swains that heard me late,  
Needs me give grasse unto the conquerors.

At Colin's feet I throw my yielding reed,  
But let the rest win homage by their deed.

But now (ye Muses) sith your sacred hefts  
Profaned are by each presuming tongue;  
In scornful rage I vow this silent rest,  
That never field nor grove shall heare my song.

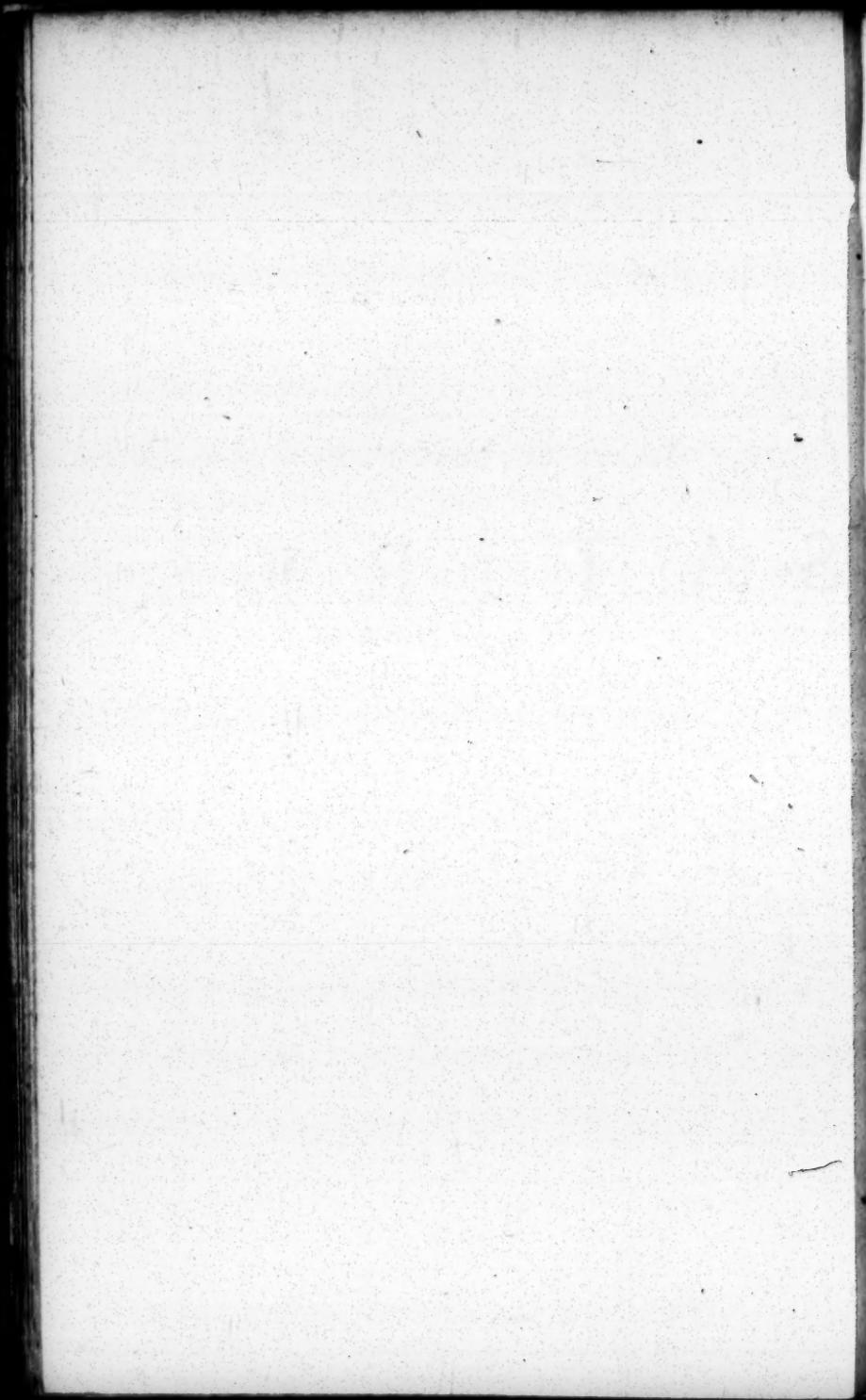
Only these refuse rhimes I here mis-spend  
To chide the world, that did my thoughts offend.

# S A T I R E S.

## B O O K I.

ta

PROLOGUE



## P R O L O G U E.

**I** First adventure, with fool-hardy might,  
To tread the steps of perilous despite.  
*I* first adventure, follow me who list,  
And be the second English satirist.  
Envy waits on my back, truth on my side ;  
Envy will be my page, and Truth my guide.  
Envy the margent holds, and Truth the line :  
Truth doth approve, but Envy doth repine.  
For in this smoothing age who durst indite  
Hath made his pen an hired parasite,  
To claw the back of him that beastly lives,  
And prank base men in proud superlatives.  
Whence damned vice is shrouded quite from shame  
And crown'd with virtue's meed, immortal name !  
Infamy dispossess'd of native due,  
Ordain'd of old on looser life to sue :  
The world's eye-bleared with those shameless lies,  
Mask'd in the show of meal-mouth'd poesies.  
Go, daring Muse, on with thy thanklesse task,  
And do the ugly face of Vice unmash :  
And if thou canst not thine high flicht remit,  
So as it mought a lowly satire fit,  
Let lowly satires rise aloft to thee :  
Truth be thy speed, and truth thy patron be.

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## S A T I R E S.

## B O O K I.

## S A T I R E I.

**N**OR ladie's wanton love, nor wandring knight,  
 Legend I out in rhimes all richly dight.  
 Nor fright the reader with the pagan vaunt  
 Of mightie Mahound, and great Termagaunt.  
 Nor list I sonnet of my mistress' face,  
 To paint some Blowesse with a borrowed grace ;  
 Nor can I bide to pen some hungrie scene  
 For thick-skin ears, and undiscerning eyne.  
 Nor ever could my scornful Muse abide  
 With tragic shoes her ankles for to hide.  
 Nor can I crouch, and writhe my fawning tayle  
 To some great Patron, for my best avayle.  
 Such hunger-starven trencher-poetrie,  
 Or let it never live, or timely die :  
 Nor under every bank and every tree,  
 Speak rhymes unto my oaten minstralfsie :  
 Nor carol out so pleasing lively laies,  
 As mought the Graces move my mirth to praise.  
 Trumpet, and reeds, and socks, and buskins fine,  
 I them \* bequeath : whose statues wandring twine

B

Of

\* *E. of Surrey, Wyat, Sidney, Dyer, &c.*

Of ivy mix'd with bays, circling around  
 Their living temples likewise laurel-bound.  
 Rather had I, albe in careless rhymes,  
 Check the mis-order'd world, and lawless times.  
 Nor need I crave the Muse's midwifry,  
 To bring to light so worthless poetry:  
 Or if we list, what baser Muse can bide,  
 To sit and sing by Granta's naked fide?  
 They haunt the tided Thames and salt Medway,  
 E'er since the fame of their late \* bridal day.  
 Nought have we here but willow-shaded shore,  
 To tell our Grant his banks are left for lore.

## S A T I R E II.

**W**Hilom the sisters nine were vestal maides,  
 And held their temple in the secret shades  
 Of fair Parnassus, that two-headed hill,  
 Whose auncient fame the southern world did fill;  
 And in the stead of their eternal fame,  
 Was the cool stream that took his endless name,  
 From out the fertile hoof of winged steed:  
 There did they sit and do their holy deed,  
 That pleas'd both heav'n and earth—till that of late  
 Whom should I fault? or the most righteous fate,  
 Or heav'n, or men, or feinds, or ought befide,  
 That ever made that foul mischance betide?  
 Some of the sisters in securer shades  
 Defloured were—  
 And ever since, disdaining sacred shame,  
 Done ought that might their heav'ly stock defame.

Now

\* See Spenser.

Now is Parnassus turned to a stewes,  
And on bay-stocks the wanton myrtle grewes ;  
Cytheron hill's become a brothrel-bed,  
And Pyrene sweet turn'd to a poison'd head  
Of coal-black puddle, whose infectious stain  
Corrupteth all the lowly fruitful plain.  
Their modest stole, to garish looser weed,  
Deck'd with love-favours, their late whoredoms meed :  
And where they wont sip of the simple flood,  
Now toss they bowls of Bacchus' boiling blood.  
I marvell'd much, with doubtful jealoufie,  
Whence came such litters of new poetrie :  
Methought I fear'd, lest the horse-hoofed well  
His native banks did proudly over-swell  
In some late discontent, thence to ensue  
Such wondrous rabblements of rhymesters new :  
But since, I saw it painted on fame's wings,  
*The Muses to be woxen wantonings.*  
Each bush, each bank, and each base apple-squire  
Can serve to fate their beastly lewd desire.  
Ye bastard poets see your pedigree,  
From common trulls and loathsome brothelry !

## S A T I R E III.

WITH some pot-fury, ravish'd from their wit,  
They fit and muse on some no-vulgar writ :  
As frozen dung-hills in a winter's morn,  
That void of vapours seemed all beforne,  
Soon as the sun sends out his piercing beams,  
Exhale out filthy smoak and stinking steams.

So doth the base, and the fore-barren brain,  
Soon as the raging wine begins to reign.  
One higher pitch'd doth set his soaring thought  
On crowned kings, that fortune hath low brought :  
Or some upreared, high-aspiring swaine,  
As it might be the Turkish Tamberlaine :  
Then weeneth he his base drink-drowned spright,  
Rapt to the threefold loft of heaven hight,  
When he conceives upon his faigned stage  
The stalking steps of his great personage,  
Graced with huff-cap terms and thundring threats,  
That his poor hearers hair quite upright sets.  
Such soon as some brave-minded hungry youth  
Sees fitly frame to his wide-strained mouth,  
He vaunts his voyce upon an hired stage,  
With high-set steps, and princely carriage ;  
Now foooping in side robes of royalty,  
That erst did skrub in lowfy brokery,  
There if he can with terms Italianate  
Big-sounding sentences, and words of state,  
Fair patch me up his pure iambic verse,  
He ravishes the gazing scaffolders :  
Then certes was the famous Corduban,\*  
Never but half so high tragedian.  
Now, lest such frightful shews of Fortune's fall,  
And b'ody tyrant's rage, should chance apall  
The dead-struck audience, 'midst the silent rout,  
Comes leaping in a self-misformed lout,  
And laughs, and grins, and frames his mimick face,  
And justles straight into the prince's place ;  
Then doth the theatre echo all aloud,  
With gladsome noise of that applauding crowd.

A

\* *Seneca.*

A goodly hotch-potch ! when vile ruffetings  
 Are match'd with monarchs, and with mighty kings.  
 A goodly grace to sober tragick muse,  
 When each base clown his clumsy fist doth bruise,  
 And shew his teeth in double rotten row,  
 For laughter at his self-resembled show.  
 Meanwhile our poets in high parliament  
 Sit watching every word and gesturement,  
 Like curious censors of some doughty gear,  
 Whispering their verdict in their fellows ear.  
 Woe to the word whose margent in their scrole  
 Is noted with a black condemning coal.  
 But if each period might the synod please,  
 Ho! — bring the ivy boughs, and bands of bays.  
 Now when they part and leave the naked stage,  
 Gins the bare hearer, in a guilty rage,  
 To curse and ban, and blame his likerous eye,  
 That thus hath lavish'd his late half-penny.  
 Shame that the Muses should be bought and sold,  
 For every peasant's brafs, on each scaffold.

## SATIRE IV.

**T**OO popular is tragic poesie,  
 Straining his tip-toes for a farthing fee,  
 And doth beside on rhymeless numbers tread,  
 Unbid iambics flow from careles head.  
 Some braver brain in high heroic rhymes  
 Compileth worm-eat stories of old times :  
 And he like some imperious Maronist,  
 Conjures the Muses that they him assist.

Then strives he to bombast his feeble lines  
 With far-fetch'd phrase ;  
 And maketh up his hard-betaken tale  
 With strange enchantments, fetch'd from darksom vale,  
 Of some \* Melissa, that by magick doom  
 To Tuscans soil transportheth Merlin's tomb.  
 Painters and poets hold your auncient right :  
 Write what you will, and write not what you might :  
 Their limits be their list, their reason will.  
 But if some painter in presuming skill,  
 Should paint the stars in center of the earth,  
 Could ye forbear some smiles, and taunting mirth ?  
 But let no rebel satyr dare traduce  
 'Th' eternal legends of thy faerie muse,  
 Renowned Spencer : whom no earthly wight  
 Dares once to emulate, much less dares despight.  
 Salust † of France, and Tuscan Ariost,  
 Yield up the lawrel garland ye have lost :  
 And let all others willow wear with me,  
 Or let their undeserving temples bared be.

## S A T I R E V.

**A**nother, whose more heavy hearted saint  
 Delights in nought but notes of rueful plaint,  
 Urgeth his melting muse with solemn tears  
 Rhyme of some dreary fates of luckless peers.  
 Then brings he up some branded whining ghost,  
 To tell how old misfortunes had him toss'd.  
 Then must he ban the guiltless fates above,  
 Or fortune frail, or unrewarded love.

And

\* Ariosto.

† Dubartas.

And when he hath parbrak'd his grieved mind,  
He sends him down where erst he did him find,  
Without one penny to pay Charon's hire,  
That waiteth for the wand'ring ghosts retire.

## SATIRE VI.

**A** Nother scorns the home-spun thread of rhymes,  
Match'd with the lofty feet of elder times :  
Give me the numbred verse that Virgil fung,  
And Virgil's self shall speak the English tongue :  
Manhood and garboiles shall he chaunt with chaunged feet  
And head-strong dactyls making musick meet.  
The nimble dactyl striving to out-go,  
The drawling spondees pacing it below.  
The lingring spondees, labouring to delay,  
The breathless dactyls with a sudden stay.  
Whoever saw a colt wanton and wild,  
Yok'd with a slow-foot ox on fallow field,  
Can right areed how handsomely besets  
Dull spondees with the English dactylets ?  
If Jove speak English in a thundring cloud,  
Thwick thwack, and riff raff, roars he out aloud.  
Fie on the forged mint that did create  
New coin of words never articulate.

## S A T I R E VII.

**G**REAT is the folly of a feeble brain,  
Ore-rul'd with love, and tyrannous disdain :  
For love, however in the basest breast,  
It breeds high thoughts that feed the fancy best.  
Yet is he blind, and leads poor fools awry.  
While they hang gazing on their mistress' eye.  
The love-sick poet, whose importune prayer  
Repulsed is with resolute despair,  
Hopeth to conquer his disdainful dame,  
With publick plaints of his conceived flame.  
Then pours he forth in patched sonettings,  
His love, his lust, and loathsome flatterings :  
As tho' the staring world hang'd on his sleeve,  
When once he smiles, to laugh : and when he sighs, to  
grieve.

Careth the world, thou love, thou live, or die ?  
Careth the world how fair thy fair-one be ?  
Fond wit-wal that wouldst load thy witless head  
With timely horns, before thy bridal bed.  
Then can he term his dirty ill-fac'd bride  
Lady and queen, and virgin deify'd :  
Be she all footy-black, or berry brown,  
She's white as morrows milk, or flakes new blown.  
And tho' she be some dunghill drudge at home,  
Yet can he her resign some refuse room  
Amidst the well known stars : or if not there,  
Sure will he faint her in his Kalendere.

## SATIRE VIII.

**H**ENCE ye profane : mell not with holy things  
 That Sion's Muse from Palestina brings.  
 Parnassus is transform'd to Sion hill,  
 And iv'ry-palms her steep ascents done fill.  
 Now good \* St. Peter weeps pure Helicon,  
 And both the Maries make a music moan :  
 Yea, and the prophet of the heav'nly lyre,  
 Great Solomon, sings in the English quire ;  
 And is become a new-found sonnetist,  
 Singing his love, the holy spouse of Christ :  
 Like as she were some light-skirts of the rest,  
 In mightiest inkhornisms he can thither wrest.  
 Ye Sion Muses shall by my dear will,  
 For this your zeal and far-admired skill,  
 Be straight transported from Jerusalem,  
 Unto the holy house of Bethlehem.

## SATIRE IX.

**E**Nvy ye Muses at your thriving mate,  
 Cupid hath crowned a new laureat:  
 I saw his statue gayly 'tir'd in green,  
 As if he had some second Phœbus been.  
 His statue trimm'd with the venerean tree,  
 And shrin'd fair within your sanctuary.  
 What, he, that erst to gain the rhyming goal,  
 The worn recital-post of capitol,

Rhymed

\* Robert Southwell's St. Peter's Complaint.

Rhymed in rules of stewish ribaldry,  
Teaching experimental bawdry !  
Whiles th' itching vulgar tickled with the song,  
Hanged on their unready poet's tongue.  
Take this ye patient Muses ; and foul shame  
Shall wait upon your once profaned name.  
Take this ye Muses, this so high despite,  
And let all hateful luckless birds of night :  
Let screeching owls nest in your razed roofs,  
And let your floor with horned satyres hoofs  
Be dinted, and defiled every morn :  
And let your walls be an eternal scorn.  
What if some Shoreditch fury should incite  
Some lust-stung lecher : must he needs indite  
The beastly rites of hired venery,  
The whole world's universal bawd to be ?  
Did never yet no damned libertine,  
Nor elder heathen, nor new \* Florentine,  
Tho' they were famous for lewd liberty,  
Venture upon so shameful villany ;  
Our epigrammatarians old and late,  
Were wont be blam'd for too licentiate.  
Chaste men, they did but glance at Lesbia's deed,  
And handsomely leave off with cleanly speed.  
But arts of whoring, stories of the stews,  
Ye Muses will ye bear, and may refuse ?  
Nay let the Devil and St. Valentine,  
Be gossips to those ribald rhymes of thine.

\* Peter Aretine.

S A T I R E S.

B O O K II.

## P R O L O G U E.

*O*R been the manes of that Cynic spright,  
Cloath'd with some stubborn clay and led to light ?  
Or do the relic ashes of his grave  
Revive and rise from their forsaken cave ?  
That so with gall-wet words and speeches rude  
Controuls the manners of the multitude.  
Envy belike incites his pining heart,  
And bids it fate itself with others smart.  
Nay, no despight : but angry Nemesis,  
Whose scourge doth follow all that done amiss:  
That scourge I bear, albe in ruder fist,  
And wound, and strike, and pardon whom she list.

## B O O K II.

## S A T I R E I.

**F**OR shame! write better Labeo, or write none;  
 Or better write, or Labeo write alone:  
 Nay, call the Cynic but a wittie foole,  
 Thence to abjure his handsome drinking bowl;  
 Because the thirstie swaine with hollow hand,  
 Conveied the streame to weet his drie weasand.  
*Write they that can, tho' they that cannot doe :*  
*But who knowes that, but they that do not know.*  
 Lo! what it is that makes white rags so deare,  
 That men must give a teston for a queare.  
 Lo! what it is that makes goose wings so scant,  
 That the distressed sempster did them want:  
 So lavish ope-tyde causeth fasting lents,  
 And starveling famine comes of large expence.  
 Might not (so they were pleas'd that beene above)  
 Long paper-abstinence our death remove?  
 Then manie a Loller'd would in forfaitment,  
 Beare paper-faggots o'er the pavement.  
 But now men wager who shall blot the most,  
 And each man writes. *There's so much labour lost,*  
*That's good, that's great : nay much is seldom well,*  
*Of what is bad, a little's a greate deale.*  
*Better is more : but best is nought at all.*  
*Leſſe is the next, and leſſer criminall.*

Little and good, is greatest good save one,  
Then Labeo, or write little, or write none.  
Tush, but small paines can be but little art,  
Or lode full drie-fats fro the forren mart,  
With folio volumes, two to an oxe hide,  
Or else ye pamphleteer go stand aside;  
Reade in each schoole, in eyerie margent quoted,  
In everie catalogue for an authour noted.  
There's happynesse well given and well got,  
Lesse gifts, and lesser gaines, I weigh them not.  
So may the giant roam and write on high,  
Be he a dwarfe that writes not their as I.  
But well fare Strabo, which as stories tell,  
Contriv'd all Troy within one walnut shell.  
His curious ghost now lately hither came ;  
Arriving neere the mouth of luckie Tame,  
I saw a pismire struggling with the load,  
Dragging all Troy home towards her abode.  
Now dare we hither, if we durst appeare,  
The subtle filthy-man that liv'd while ere :  
Such one was once, or once I was mistaught,  
A smith at Vulcan's owne forge up brought,  
That made an iron chariot so light,  
The coach-horse was a flea in trappings dight.  
The tamelesse steed could well his waggon wield,  
Through downes and dales of the uneven field.  
Strive they, laugh we : meane while the black storie  
Pasles new Strabo, and new Strabo's Troy.  
Little for great ; and great for good ; all one :  
For shame ! or better write, or Labeo write none.  
But who conjur'd this bawdie Poggie's ghost,  
From out the stewes of his lewde home-bred coast :

Or

Or wicked Rablais' dronken revellings,  
 To grace the mis-rule of our tavernings ?  
 Or who put bayes into blind Cupid's fist,  
 That he should crowne what laureats him lift ?  
 Whose words are those, to remedie the deed,  
 That cause men stop their noses when they read ?  
 Both good things ill, and ill things well; all one ?  
 For shame ! write cleanly Labeo, or write none.

## S A T I R E II.

**T**O what end did our lavish auncestours  
 Erect of old these stately piles of ours ;  
 For thread-bare clerks, and for the ragged muse,  
 Whom better fit some cotes of sad secluse ?  
 Blush niggard Ago, and be ashamed to see,  
 These monuments of wiser ancestrie.  
 And ye faire heapes the Muses sacred shrines,  
 (In spight of time and envious repines)  
 Stand still and flourish till the world's last day,  
 Upbraiding it with former love's decay.  
 Here may you Muses, our deare soveraignes,  
 Scorne each base lordling ever you disdaines ;  
 And every peasant churle, whose smokie roofe  
 Denied harbour for your deare behoofe.  
 Scorne ye the world before it do complaine,  
 And scorne the world that scorneth you againe.  
 And scorne contempt it selfe that doth incite  
 Each fingle-fold 'squire to set you at so light.  
 What needs me care for anie bookish skill,  
 To blot white papers with my restlesse quill :

Or pore on painted leaves, or beat my braine  
With far-fetch thought ; or to consume in vaine  
In latter even, or midſt of winter nights,  
Ill ſmelling oyles, or ſome ſtill watching lights.  
Let them that meane by bookiſh buſineſſe  
To earne their bread, or hopen to profeſſe  
Their hard got ſkill, let them alone for me,  
Buſie their braines with deeper brokerie.  
Great gaines ſhall bide you ſure, when ye have ſpent  
A thouſand lamps, and thouſand reames have rent  
Of needless papers ; and a thouſand nights  
Have burned out with costly candle lights.  
Ye palish ghosts of Athens, when at laſt  
Your patrimonie ſpent in witleſſe waſt,  
Your friends all wearie, and your ſpirits ſpent,  
Ye may your fortunes ſeeke, and be forwent  
Of your kind couſins, and your churliſh fires,  
Leſt there alone, midſt the laſt-folding briers.  
Have not I lands of faire inheritance,  
Deriv'd by right of long continuance,  
To laſt-borne males, ſo lift the law to grace,  
Nature's laſt fruits in an eternal race ?  
Let ſecond brothers, and poore neſtlings,  
Whom more injurious nature later brings  
Into the naked world ; let them affaine  
To get hard pennyworths with ſo bootleſſe paine.  
Tufh ! what care I to be Arceſillas,  
Or ſome ſad Solon, whose deed-furrowed face,  
And fulle head, and yellow-clouded ſight,  
Still on the ſtedfast earth are muſing pight ;  
Muttering what censures their diſtracted minde,  
Of brain-fick paradoxes deeply hath deſinде :

Or

Or of Parmenides, or of darke Heraclite,  
Whether all be one, or ought be infinite ?  
Long would it be ere thou haft purchase bought,  
Or welthier wexen by such idle thought.  
Fond fool ! fix feet shall serue for all thy store ;  
And he that cares for most shall find no more.  
We scorne that wealth should be the finall end,  
Whereto the heavenly Muse her course doth bend ;  
And rather had be pale with learned cares,  
Than paunched with thy choyce of changed fares.  
Or doth thy glorie stand in outward glee ?  
A lave-ear'd ass with gold may trapped be.  
Or if in pleasure ? live we as we may,  
Let swinish Grill delight in dunghill clay.

## S A T I R E III.

WHO doubts ? the laws fell down from heaven's  
height,  
Like to some gliding starre in winters night ?  
Themis, the scribe of God, did long agone  
Engrave them deepe in during marble stome,  
And cast them downe on this unruly clay,  
That men might know to rule and to obey.  
But now their characters depraved bin,  
By them that would make gain of others sin.  
And now hath wrong so maistered the right,  
That they live best that on wrongs offall light.  
So loathly flye that lives on galled wound,  
And scabby festers inwardly unsound,

Feeds fatter with that poys'ous carrion,  
Than they that haunt the healthy limbs alone.  
Wo to the weale where many lawyers be,  
For there is sure much store of maladie.  
'Twas truely said, and truely was foreseene  
The fat kine are devoured of the leane.  
Genus and Species long since barefoote went,  
Upon their ten-toes in wilde wanderment :  
Whiles father Bartoll on his footcloth rode,  
Upon high pavement gayly silver-strow'd.  
Each home-bred science percheth in the chaire,  
While sacred artes grovell on the groundsell bare.  
Since pedling Barbarismes gan be in request,  
Nor classick tonges, nor learning found no rest.  
The crowching client, with low-bended knee,  
And manie worships, and faire flatterie,  
Tells on his tale as smoothly as him list,  
But still the lawyer's eye squints on his fist ;  
If that seem lined with a larger fee,  
Doubt not the suite, the law is plaine for thee.  
'Tho' must he buy his vainer hope with price,  
Disclout his crownes, and thanke him for advice.  
So have I seene in a tempestuous stowre,  
Some bryer-bush shewing shelter from the showre  
Unto the hopefull sheepe, that faine would hide  
His fleecie coate from that same angry tide :  
The ruthlesse breere, regardlesse of his plight,  
Laijs holde upon the fleece he should acquite,  
And takes advantage of the carelesse prey,  
That thought she in securer shelter lay.  
The day is faire, the sheepe would far to feede,  
The tyrant brier holdes fast his shelters meed,

And

And claimes it for the fee of his defence :  
So robs the sheepe, in favour's faire pretence.

## SATIRE IV.

W  
Orthie were Galen to be weighed in gold,  
Whose help doth sweetest life and health uphold ;  
Yet by saint Esculape he folleinne swore,  
That for diseases they were never more,  
Fees never lesse, never so little gaine,  
Men give a groate, and aske the rest againe.  
*Groats-worth of health can anie leech allot ?*  
Yet should he have no more that gives a groate.  
Should I on each sicke pillow leane my brest,  
And grope the pulse of everie mangie wrest ;  
And spie out marvels in each urinall ;  
And rumble up the filths that from them fall ;  
And give a dosse for everie disease,  
In prescripts long and tedious recipes,  
All for so leane reward of art and me ?  
No horfe-leach but will looke for larger fee.  
Meane while if chaunce some desp'rare patient die,  
Com'n to the period of his destinie :  
(As who can crosse the fatall resolution,  
In the decreed day of dissolution :)  
Whether ill tendment, or recurelesse paine,  
Procure his death ; the neighbours all complaine,  
Th' unskilfull leech murdered his patient,  
By poyon of some foule ingredient.  
Hereon the vulgar may as soone be brought  
To Socrates his poysoned hemlock drought,

As to the wholsome julap, whose receat  
 Might his disease's lingring force defeat.  
 If nor a dramme of triacle soveraigne,  
 Or aqua vitæ, or sugar candian,  
 Nor kitchin-cordials can it remedie,  
 Certes his time is come, needs mought he die.  
 Were I a leech, as who knowes what may be,  
 The liberal man should live, and carle should die.  
 The fickly ladie, and the gowtie peere  
 Still would I haunt, that love their life so deare.  
 Where life is deare, who cares for coyned droffe?  
 That spent is counted gaine, and spared, losse:  
 Or would conjure the chymick mercurie,  
 Rise from his horsedung bed, and upwards flie;  
 And with glasse stills, and sticks of juniper,  
 Raife the black spright that burnes not with the fire:  
 And bring quintessence of elixir pale,  
 Out of sublimed spirits minerall.  
 Each powdred graine ransometh captive kings,  
 Purchaseth realmes, and life prolonged brings.

## S A T I R E V.

**S**Aw'ft thou ever Siquis patch'd on Paul's church  
 doore,  
 To seeke some vacant vicarage before?  
 Who wants a churchman that can service fay,  
 Read fast and faire his monthly homiley?  
 And wed and bury, and make christen-soules?  
 Come to the left-side alley of Saint Poules.

Thou

Thou servile foole, why could'st thou not repaire  
To buy a benefice at steeple-faire ?  
There moughtest thou, for but a slender price,  
Advowson thee with some fat benefice :  
Or if thee list not waite for dead mens shoon,  
Nor pray each morn th' incumbent's daies were done :  
A thousand patrons thither ready bring,  
Their new-falne churches to the chaffering ;  
Stake three yeares stipend ; no man asketh more :  
Go take possession of the church-porch doore,  
And ring thy bells ; lucke stroken in thy fist :  
The parsonage is thine, or ere thou wist.  
Saint Fooles of Gotam mought thy parish be  
For this thy base and servile symonie.

## S A T I R E VI.

A Gentle squire would gladly entertaine  
Into his house some trencher-chaplaine ;  
Some willing man that might instruct his sons,  
And that would stand to good conditions.  
First, that he lie upon the truckle-bed,  
Whiles his young maister lieth o'er his head.  
Second, that he do, on no default,  
Ever presume to sit above the salt.  
Third, that he never change his trencher twise.  
Fourth, that he use all common courtesies ;  
Sit bare at meales, and one halfe rise and wait.  
Last, that he never his yong maister beat,

But

But he must aske his mother to define,  
How manie jerkes she would his breech should line.  
All these obser'd, he could contented bee,  
To give five markes and winter liverie.

## S A T I R E VII.

**I**N th' heaven's universal alphabet  
All earthly thinges so surely are foreset,  
That who can read those figures, may foreshew  
Whatever thing shall afterwards ensue :  
Faine would I know (might it our artist please)  
Why can his tell-troth Ephemerides  
Teach him the weather's state so long beforne,  
And not foretell him, nor his fatall horne,  
Nor his death's-day, nor no such sad event ;  
Which he mought wisely labour to prevent ?  
Thou damned mock-art, and thou brainsick tale  
Of old astrologie : where did'st thou vaile  
Thy cursed head thus long, that so it mist  
The black bronds of some sharper satyrist ?  
Some doting gossip mongst the Chaldee wives,  
Did to the credulous world thee first derive ;  
And superstition nurs'd thee ever fence,  
And publischt in profounder art's pretence :  
That now, who pares his nailes, or libs his swine,  
But he must first take counsel of the signe.  
So that the vulgars count for faire or foule,  
For living or for dead, for sick or whole.

His

His feare or hope, for plentie or for lacke,  
Hangs all upon his new-year's Almanack.  
If chance once in the spring his head should ake,  
It was foretold : thus sayes mine Almanack.  
In th' heaven's high-street are but dozen roomes,  
In which dwells all the world, past and to come.  
Twelve goodly innes they are, with twelve fayre  
signes,

Ever well tended by our star-divines.

Everie man's head innes at the horned Ramme,  
The whiles the necke the Black-bull's guest became,  
Th' arms, by good hap, meet at the wrastling twins,  
Th' heart in the way at the Blue-lion innes.

The leggs their lodging in Aquarius got ;  
That is the Bride-streete of the heaven I wot.  
The feet took up the Fish with teeth of gold ;  
But who with Scorpio lodg'd may not be told.

What office then doth the star-gazer beare ?  
Or let him be the heaven's ostelere,  
Or tapsters some, or some be chamberlaines,  
To waite upon the guests they entertaine.  
Hence can they reade, by virtue of their trade,  
When any thing is mist, where it was laide.

Hence they divine, and hence they can devise,  
If their aim faile, the stars to moralize.  
Demon, my friend, once liver-sicke of love,  
Thus learn'd I by the signes his grieve remove :  
In the blinde Archer first I saw the signe,  
When thou receiv'dst that wilful wound of thine ;  
And now in Virgo is that cruel mayde,  
Which hath not yet with love thy love repaide.

But

But marke when once it comes to Gemini,  
Straightway fish-whole shall thy sicke-liver be.  
But now (as th' angrie heavens feeme to threat  
Manie hard fortunes, and disastres great)  
If chance it come to wanton Capricorne,  
And so into the Ram's disgraceful horne,  
Then learne thou of the ugly Scorpion,  
To hate her for her fowle abusion :  
Thy refuge then the balance be of right,  
Which shall thee from thy broken bond acquite :  
So with the Crab, go back whence thou began,  
From thy first match, and live a single man.

*E N D of the Second B O O K.*

S A T I R E S.

B O O K III.

D

PROLOGUE

## P R O L O G U E.

SOME say my satyres over loosely flowe,  
Nor hide their gall enough from open shewe :  
Not, riddle like, obscuring their intent ;  
But, packe-staffe plaine, uttring what thing they ment : |  
Contrarie to the Roman ancients,  
Whose words were short, and darksome was their sense.  
Who reades one line of their harsh poesies,  
Thrice must he take his winde, and breath him thrice :  
My Muse would follow them that have foregone,  
But cannot wthin an English pineon ;  
For looke how farre the ancient comedie  
Past former satyres in her libertie :  
So farre must mine yield unto them of olde ;  
'Tis better be too bad, than be too bolde.

## B O O K III.

## S A T I R E I.

**T**IME was, and that was term'd the time of gold,

When world and time were young, that now are old,  
 (When quiet Saturne sway'd the mace of lead,  
 And pride was yet unborne, and yet unbred.)  
 Time was, that whiles the autumne fall did last,  
 Our hungrie fires gap'd for the falling mast  
 of the Dodonian oakes.

Could no unhusked akorne leave the tree,  
 But there was challenge made whose it might be.  
 And if some nice and liquorous appetite  
 Desir'd more daintie dish of rare delite,  
 They scal'd the stord crab with clasped knee,  
 Till they had sated their delicious eye :  
 Or search'd the hopefull thickes of hedgy-rowes,  
 For brierie berries, or hawes, or fourer floés :  
 Or when they meant to fare the fin'st of all,  
 They lick'd oake-leaves besprint with hony fall.  
 As for the thrise three-angled beech nut-shell,  
 Or chesnut's armed huske, and hid kernell,  
 No squire durst touch, the law would not afford,  
 Kept for the court, and for the king's owne board.  
 Their royall plate was clay, or wood, or stone ;  
 The vulgar, save his hand, else he had none.

Their onely cellar was the neighbour brooke:  
None did for better care, for better looke.  
Was then no plaining of the brewer's scape,  
Nor greedie vintner mixt the strained grape.  
The king's pavilion was the grassy green,  
Under safe shelter of the shadie treen.  
Under each banke men layd their limbs along,  
Not wishing anie ease, not fearing wrong:  
Clad with their owne, as they were made of old,  
Not fearing shame, not feeling anie cold.  
But when by Ceres huswifrie and paine,  
Men learn'd to burie the reviving graine,  
And father Janus taught the new-found vine,  
Rise on the elme, with many a friendly twine:  
And base desire bade men to delven low,  
For needless mettals, then gan mischief grow.  
Then farewell fayrest age, the world's best dayes;  
Thriving in ill as it in age decaies.  
Then crept in pride, and peevish covetise,  
And men grew greedie, discordous and nice.  
Now man, that erst haile-fellow was with beast,  
Woxe on to weene himselfe a God at least.  
No aerie fowl can take so high a flight,  
Tho' she her daring wings in clouds have dight;  
Nor fish can dive so deep in yielding sea,  
Tho' Thetis selfe should sweare her safetie;  
Nor fearfull beast can dig his cave so lowe,  
As could he further than earth's center go;  
As that the ayre, the earth, or ocean,  
Should shield them from the gorge of greedie man.  
Hath utmost Inde ought better than his owne?  
Then utmost Inde is neare, and rife to gone.

O nature ! was the world ordain'd for nought  
But fill man's maw, and feede man's idle thought ?  
Thy grandfires words favour'd of thriftie leekes,  
Or manly garlick; but thy furnace reekes  
Hot steams of wine ; and can a-loofe descrie  
The drunken draughts of sweete autumntie.  
They naked went ; or clad in ruder hide,  
Or home-spun russet, void of forraine pride :  
But thou canst maske in garish gauderie,  
To suite a foole's far-fetched liverie.  
A French head joyn'd to necke Italian :  
Thy thighs from Germanie, and brest from Spain :  
An Englishman in none, a foole in all :  
Many in one, and one in severall.  
Then men were men ; but now the greater part  
Beasts are in life, and women are in heart.  
Good Saturne selfe, that homely emperour ?  
In proudest pompe was not so clad of yore,  
As is the under-groome of the ostlerie,  
Husbanding it in work-day yeomanrie.  
Lo ! the long date of those expired dayes,  
Which the inspired Merlin's word fore-sayes ;  
When dunghill peasants shal be dight as kings,  
Then one confusion another brings :  
Then farewell fairest age, the world's best dayes,  
Thriving in ill, as it in age decayes.

## S A T I R E II.

Great Osmond knowes not how he shall be known  
When once great Osmond shall be dead and gone:  
Unlesse he reare up some rich monument,  
Ten furlongs nearer to the firmament.  
Some stately tombe he builds, Egyptian wise,  
*Rex Regum* written on the pyramis.  
Whereas great Arthur lies in ruder oak,  
That never felt none but the feller's stroke,  
Small honour can be got with gaudie grave;  
Nor it thy rotten name from death can save.  
The fairer tombe, the fouler is thy name;  
The greater pompe procuring greater shame.  
Thy monument make thou thy living deeds;  
No other tomb than that true virtue needs.  
What! had he nought whereby he might be knowne  
But costly piletments of some curious stone?  
The matter matture's, and the workman's frame;  
His purse's cost: where then is Osmond's name?  
Deserv'dit thou ill? well were thy name and thee,  
Wert thou inditched in great sefrecie;  
Where as no passenger might curse thy dust,  
Nor dogs sepulchrall fate their gnawing lust.  
Thine ill deserts cannot be grav'd with thee,  
So long as on thy grave they ingraved be.

## S A T I R E III.

THE courteous citizen bade me to his feast,  
With hollow words, and overly request :  
“ Come, will ye dine with me this holyday ?”  
I yeelded, tho’ he hop’d I would say nay :  
For had I mayden’d it, as many use ;  
Loath for to grant, but loather to refuse.  
“ Alacke sir, I were loath ; another day,—  
“ I should but trouble you ;—pardon me, if you may.”  
No pardon should I need ; for, to depart  
He gives me leave, and thanks too, in his heart.  
Two words for monie, Darbishirian wise ;  
(That’s one too manie) is a naughtie guise.  
Who looks for double biddings to a feast,  
May dine at home for an importune guest.  
I went, then saw, and found the greate expence ;  
The fare and fashions of our citizens.  
Oh, Cleopatrical ! what wanteth there  
For curious cost, and wondrous choice of cheere ?  
Beefe, that erst Hercules held for finest fare ;  
Porke for the fat Boetian, or the hare  
For Martial ; fish for the Venetian ;  
Goose-liver for the likorous Romane,  
Th’ Athenian’s goate ; quaile, Iolan’s cheere ;  
The hen for Esculape, and the Parthian deere ;  
Grapes for Arcefilas, figs for Plato’s mouth,  
And chesnuts faire for Amarillis’ tooth.  
Hadst thou such cheere ? wert thou ever there before ?  
Never.—I thought so : nor come there no more.

Come

Come there no more ; for so meant all that cost :  
*Never hence take me for thy second host.*  
For whom he meanes to make an often guest,  
One dish shall serve ; and welcome make the rest,

## S A T I R E IV.

**W**Ere yesterday Polemon's natals kept,  
That so his threshold is all freshly steept  
With new-shed blood ? Could he not sacrifice  
Some sorry morkin that unbidden dies ;  
Or meager heifer, or some rotten ewe ;  
But he must needs his posts with blood embrew,  
And on his way-doore fixe the horned head,  
With flowers and with ribbands garnished ?  
Now shall the passenger deeme the man devout.  
What boots it be so, but the world must know't ?  
**O** the fond boasting of vain-glorious man !  
Does he the best, that may the best be seene ?  
Who ever gives a paire of velvet shooes  
To th' Holy Rood, or liberally allowes  
But a new rope to ring the curfew bell,  
But he desires that his great deed may dwell,  
Or graven in the chancel-window-glasse,  
Or in the lasting tombe of plated brasie ?  
For he that doth so few deserving deeds,  
'Twere sure his best sue for such larger meeds.  
Who would inglorious live, inglorious die,  
And might eternize his name's memorie ?  
And he that cannot brag of greater store,  
Must make his somewhat much, and little more.

Nor

Nor can good Myson weare on his left hond,  
A signet ring of Bristol-diamond,  
But he must cut his glove to shew his pride,  
That his trim jewel might be better spy'd :  
And that men mought some burgesse him repute,  
With sattin sleeves hath grac'd his facke-cloth suit.

## S A T I R E V.

FIE on all courtesie, and unruly windes,  
Two onely foes that faire disguisement findes.  
Strange curse ! but fit-for such a fickle age,  
When scalpes are subject to such vassalage.  
Late travailing along in London way,  
Mee met, as seem'd by his disguis'd array,  
A lustie courtier, whose curled head  
With abron locks was fairely furnished.  
I him saluted in our lavish wife :  
He answeres my untimely courtesies.  
His bonnet vail'd, ere ever he could thinke,  
Th' unruly winde blowes off his periwinke.  
He lights and runs, and quickly hath him sped,  
To overtake his over-runing head.  
The sportfull winde, to mocke the headlesse man,  
Tosses apace his pitch'd Rogerian :  
And straight it to a deeper ditch hath blowne ;  
There must my yonker fetch his waxen crowne.  
I lookt and laught, whiles in his raging minde,  
*He curst all courtesie, and unruly winde.*  
I lookt and laught, and much I mervailed,  
To see so large a cauf-way in his head.

And

And me bethought, that when it first begon,  
 'Twas some shroud autumnne that so bar'd the bone.  
 Is't not sweete pride, when men their crownes must  
 shade,  
 With that which jerks the hams of every jade,  
 Or floor-strow'd locks from off the barber's sheares?  
 But waxen crownes well gree with borrow'd haires.

## S A T I R E VI.

**W**hen Gullion dy'd (who knowes not Gullion?)  
 And his drie soule arriv'd at Acheron,  
 He faire besought the feryman of hell,  
 That he might drinke to dead Pantagruel.  
 Charon was afraid left thirstie Gullion,  
 Would have drunke drie the river Acheron.  
 Yet last consented for a little hyre,  
 And downe he dips his chops deep in the myre,  
 And drinkes, and drinkes, and swallows in the streeme,  
 Untill the shallow shores all naked seeme.  
 Yet still he drinkes, nor can the Boatman's cries,  
 Nor crabbed oares, nor prayers make him rise.  
 So long he drinkes, till the blacke caravell,  
 Stands still fast gravell'd on the mud of hell.  
 There stand they still, nor can go, nor retyre,  
 Tho' greedie ghosts quicke paassage did require.  
 Yet stand they still, as tho' they lay at rode,  
 Till Gullion his bladder would unlode.  
 They stand, and waite, and pray for that good houre;  
 Which, when it came, they failed to the shore.

But

But never since dareth the ferrymen,  
Once entertaine the ghost of Gullian.  
Drinke on drie soule, and pledge sir Gullion:  
Drinke to all healths, but drinke not to thine owne.

*Defunct nonnulla.*

## S A T I R E VII.

**S**EEST thou how gayly my yong maister goes,  
Vaunting himselfe upon his rising toes ;  
And prankes his hand upon his dagger's fide ;  
And picks his glutted teeth since late noon-tide ?  
'Tis Ruffio : Trow'ft thou where he din'd to day ?  
In sooth I saw him sit with Duke Humfray.  
Many good welcomes, and much gratis cheere,  
Keepes he for everie straggling cavaliere.  
An open house, haunted with greate refort ;  
Long service mixt with musicall disport.  
Many faire yonker with a feather'd crest,  
Chooses much rather be his shot-free guest,  
To fare so freely with so little cost,  
Than stake his twelve-pence to a meaner host.  
Hadst thou not told me, I should surely say  
He touch't no meat of all this live-long day.  
For sure me thought, yet that was but a guesse,  
His eyes seeme sunke for verie hollownesse,  
But could he have (as I did it mistake)  
So little in his purse, so much upon his backe ?  
So nothing in his maw ? yet seemeth by his belt,  
That his gaunt gut no too much stuffing felt.

Seest

Seest thou how fide it hangs beneath his hip?  
Hunger and heavy iron makes girdles slip.  
Yet for all that, how stify struts he by,  
All trapped in the new-found braverie.  
The nuns of new-won Cales his bonnet lent,  
In lieu of their so kind a conquerment.  
What needed he fetch that from farthest Spaine,  
His grandame could have lent with lesser paine?  
Tho' he perhaps ne'er pass'd the English shore,  
Yet faine would counted be a conquerour.  
His haire, French like, stares on his frighted head,  
One lock amazon-like disheveled,  
As if he meant to weare a native cord,  
If chaunce his fates should him that bane afford.  
All British bare upon the bristled skin,  
Close notched is his beard both lip and chin;  
His linnen collar labyrinthian set,  
Whose thousand double turnings never met:  
His sleeves half hid with elbow-pineonings,  
As if he meant to flie with linnen wings.  
But when I looke, and cast mine eyes below,  
What monster meets mine eyes in human shew?  
So slender waist with such an abbot's loyne,  
Did never sober nature sure conjoyne.  
Lik'ft a strawne scare-crow in the new-sowne field,  
Rear'd on some sticke, the tender corne to shield.  
Or if that semblance suit not everie deale,  
Like a broad shak-forke with a slender steel.  
Despised nature suit them once aright,  
Their bodie to their coate, both now mis-dight.  
Their bodie to their clothes might shapen be,  
That nill their clothes shape to their bodie.

Meane while I wonder at so proud a backe,  
Whiles th' empty guts lowd rumblen for long lacke:  
The belly envieth the back's bright glee,  
And murmurs at such inequality.

The backe appeares unto the partial eyne,  
The plaintive belly pleads they bribed been;  
And he, for want of better advocate,  
Doth to the ear his injury relate.

The back, insulting o'er the belly's need,  
Says, thou thy self, I others eyes must feed.

The maw, the guts, all inward parts complaine  
The back's great pride, and their own secret paine.  
Ye witlesse gallants, I beshrew your hearts,  
That sets such discord 'twixt agreeing parts,  
Which never can be set at onement more,  
Until the maw's wide mouth be stopt with store.

#### The C O N C L U S I O N .

*T*HUS have I writ, in smoother cedar tree,  
So gentle Satires, penn'd so easily.  
Henceforth I write in crabbed oak-tree rynde,  
Search they that mean the secret meaning find.  
Hold out ye guilty and ye galled bides,  
And meet my far-fetch'd stripes with waiting sides.

E N D of the third B O O K .

2

S A T I R E S.

B O O K IV.

E 2

THE

The AUTHOR'S Charge to his second Collection of SATIRES, call'd *Biting Satires*.

**T**E lucklesse rhymes, whom not unkindly spight  
Begot long sence of truth and holy rage,  
Lye here in wombe of silence and still night,  
Until the broils of next unquiet age :  
That which is others grave shall be your wombe,  
And that which bears you, your eternal tombe.

Cease ere you gin, and ere ye live be dead;  
And dye and live ere ever ye be borne ;  
And be not bore ere ye be buried,  
Then after live, sith you have dy'd beforne.  
When I am dead and rotten in the dust  
Then gin to live, and leave when others lust.

For when I dye, shall envy dye with me,  
And lie deep smother'd with my marble stome ;  
Whitch while I live cannot be done to dye,  
Nor, if your life gin ere my life be done,  
Will hardly yield t'await my mourning barse,  
But for my dead corps change my living verse.

What shall the astes of my senselasse urne  
Need to regard the raving world above ?  
Sith afterwards I never can returne,  
To feel the force of hatred or of love.  
Oh ! if my soul could see their posthume spight,  
Should it not joy and triumph in the sight ?

Whateuer eye shalt finde this hateful scrole  
After the date of my deare exequies,  
Ab pity thou my plaining orphan's dole  
That faine would see the sunne before it dies.  
It dy'd before, now let it live againe,  
Then let it dye, and bide some famous bane.

Satis est potuisse videri.

## B O O K IV.

## S A T I R E I.

*Che baiar vuol, bai.*

WHO dares upbraid these open rhymes of mine  
 With blindfold Aquines, or darke Venusine ?  
 Or rough-hewn Teretismes, writ in th' antique vain  
 Like an old satire, and new Flaccian ?  
 Which who reads thrice, and rubs his rugged brow,  
 And deep intendeth every doubtful row,  
 Scoring the margent with his blazing stars,  
 And hundred crooked interlinears,  
 (Like to a merchant's debt-roll new defac'd,  
 When some crack'd manour cross'd his book at laft)  
 Should all in rage the curse-beat page out rive,  
 And in each dust-heap bury me alive,  
 Stamping like Bucephall, whose slackned raines  
 And bloody fetlocks fry with seven mens braines.  
 More cruel than the cravon satire's ghost,  
 That bound dead bones unto a burning post ;  
 Or some more strait-lac'd juror of the rest,  
 Impannel'd of an Holyfax inquest :  
 Yet well bethought, stoops down and reads anew ;  
 The best lies low, and loathes the shallow view,  
 Quoth old Eudemon, when his gout-swolne fist  
 gropes for his double ducates in his chist :

Then buckle close his carelesse lyds once more,  
To pose the pore-blind snake of Epidaore.  
That Lyncius may be match'd with Gaulard's sight,  
That sees not Paris for the houses height;  
Or wily Cyppus, that can winke and snort  
While his wife dallies on Mæcenas' skort:  
Yet when he hath my crabbed pamphlet read  
As oftentimes as PHILIP hath been dead,  
Bids all the furies haunt each peevish line  
That thus have rack'd their friendly reader's eyne;  
Worse than the Logogryphes of later times,  
Or hundred riddles shak'd to sleevelesse rhymes.  
Should I endure these curses and despight  
While no man's eare should glow at what I write?  
Labeo is whipt, and laughs me in the face:  
Why? for I smite and hide the galled place.  
Gird but the cynick's helmet on his head,  
Cares he for Talus, or his flayle of lead?  
Long as the crafty cuttle lieth sure  
In the blacke cloud of his thicke vomiture,  
Who list complaine of wronged faith or fame,  
When he may shift it to another's name?  
Calvus can scratch his elbow and can smile,  
That thriftlesse Pontice bites his lip the while.  
Yet I intended in that selfe device  
To checke the churle for his knowne covetise.  
Each points his straight fore-finger to his friend,  
Like the blind dial on the belfry end.  
Who turns it homeward, to say this is I,  
As bolder Socrates in the comedy?  
But singe out, and say once plat and plaine  
That coy Matrona is a courtezan;

Or

Or thou false Cryspus choak'dst thy wealthy guest  
Whiles he lay snoring at his midnight rest,  
And in thy dung-cart didst the carkasse shrine  
And deepe intombe it in Port-esqueline.  
Proud Trebius lives, for all his princely gait,  
On third-hand suits, and scrapings of the plate.  
Titius knew not where to shroude his head  
Until he did a dying widow wed,

}

Whiles she lay doating on her death's bed,  
And now hath purchas'd lands with one night's paine,  
And on the morrow woes and weds againe.  
Now see I fire-flakes sparkle from his eyes,  
Like a comet's tayle in th' angry skies ;  
His pouting cheeks puff up above his brow,  
Like a swolne toad touch'd with the spider's blow ;  
His mouth shrinks side-ward like a scornful playse,  
To take his tired ear's ingrateful place.  
His ears hang laving like a new lugg'd swine,  
To take some counsel of his grieved eyne.  
Now laugh I loud, and breake my splene to see  
This pleasing pastime of my poesie ;  
Much better than a Paris-garden beare,  
Or prating puppet on a theatre ;  
Or Mimoe's whistling to his tabouret,  
Selling a laughter for a cold meal's meat.  
Go to then, ye my sacred Semonees,  
And please me more the more ye do displease.  
Care we for all those bugs of idle feare ?  
For Tigels grinning on the theatre ?  
Or scar-babe threatnings of the rascal crew ;  
Or wind-spent verdicts of each ale-knight's view ?

Whatever

Whatever breast doth freeze for such false dread,  
Besbrew his base white liver for his meed.  
Fond were that pity, and that feare were sin,  
To spare waste leaves that so deserved bin.  
Those toothlesse toys that dropt out by mis-hap,  
Be but as lightning to a thunder-clap.  
Shall then that foul infamous Cyned's hide  
Laugh at the purple wales of others' side ?  
Not if he were as near as, by report,  
The stewes had wont be to th' tennis court :  
He that, while thousands envy at his bed,  
Neighs after bridals, and fresh maidenhead ;  
While flavish Juno dares not look awry,  
To frowne at such imperious rivalry ;  
Not tho' she sees her wedding jewels drest  
To make new bracelets for a strumpet's wrest ;  
Or like some strange disguised Messaline,  
Hires a night's lodging of his concubine ;  
Whether his twilight-torch of love do call  
To revels of uncleanly musicall,  
Or midnight plays, or taverns of new wine,  
Hye ye white aprons to your landlord's signe ;  
When all, save toothlesse age or infancy,  
Are summon'd to the court of venery.  
Who list excuse ? when chaster dames can hire  
Some snout-fair stripling to their apple-squire,  
Whom staked up like to some stallion steed,  
They keep with eggs and oysters for the breed.  
O Lucine ! barren Caia hath an heir,  
After her husband's dozen years despair.  
And now the bribed midwife swears apace,  
The bastard babe doth bear his father's face.

But

But hath not Lelia pass'd her virgin years ?  
For modest shame (God wot !) or penal fears ?  
He tells a merchant tidings of a prize,  
That tells Cynedo of such novelties,  
Worth little less than landing of a whale,  
Or Gades' spoils, or a churl's funerale.  
Go bid the banes and point the bridal day,  
His broking bawd hath got a noble prey ;  
A vacant tenement, an honest dowre  
Can fit his pander for her paramoure,  
That he, base wretch, may clog his wit-old head,  
And give him hansel of his Hymen-bed.  
Ho ! all ye females that would live unshent,  
Fly from the reach of Cyned's regiment.  
If Trent be drawn to dregs and Low refuse,  
Hence, ye hot lecher, to the steaming stewes.  
Tyber, the famous sink of Christendome,  
Turn thou to Thames, and Thames run towards Rome.  
Whatever damned streme but thine were meet  
To quench his lusty liver's boiling heat ?  
Thy double draught may quench his dog-days rage  
With some stale Bacchis, or obsequious page,  
When writhen Lena makes her fale-set shews  
Of wooden Venus with fair-limned brows ;  
Or like him more some vailed matron's face,  
Or trained prentice trading in the place.  
The close adultere, where her name is red,  
Comes crawling from her husband's lukewarm bed,  
Her carrion skin bedaub'd with odours sweet,  
Groping the postern with her bared feet.  
Now play the satire who so list for me,  
Valentine self, or some as chaste as he.

In vain she wisheth long Alkmæna's night,  
Cursting the hasty dawning of the light ;  
And with her cruel Lady-star uprose  
She seeks her third roust on her silent toes,  
Besmeared all with loathsome smoake of lust,  
Like Acheron's steams, or smoldring sulphur dust.  
Yet all day sits she simpering in her mew  
Like some chaste dame, or shined saint in shew ;  
Whiles he lies wallowing with a westerly-head  
And palish carcasse, on his brothel-bed,  
Till his salt bowels boile with poisonous fire ;  
Right Hercules with his second Deianire.  
O Esculape ! how rife is physick made,  
When each brasse-bason can professe the trade  
Of ridding pocky wretches from their paine,  
And do the beastly cure for ten groats gaine ?  
All these and more deserve some blood-drawn lines,  
But my fix cords beene of too loose a twine :  
Stay till my beard shall sweep mine aged breast,  
Then shall I seem an awful satyrist :  
While now my rhymes relish of the ferule still,  
Some nose-wife pedant faith ; whose deep-seen skill  
Hath three times construed either Flaccus o'er,  
And thrice rehears'd them in his trivial floore.  
So let them tax me for my hot blood's rage,  
Rather than say I doated in my age.

## S A T I R E - II.

*Arcades ambo.*

OLD driveling Lolio drudges all he can  
To make his eldest sonne a gentleman.  
Who can despaire to see another thrive,  
By loan of twelve-pence to an oyster-wive?  
When a craz'd scaffold, and a rotten stafe,  
Was all rich Nænius his heritage.  
Nought spendeth he for feare, nor spares for cost;  
And all he spends and spares besides is lost.  
Himself goes patched like some bare cottyer,  
Lest he might ought the future stocke appeyre.  
Let giddy Cosmius change his choice array,  
Like as the Turk his tents, thrice in a day,  
And all to sun and air his suits untold  
From spightful moths, and frets, and hoary mold,  
Bearing his pawn-laid lands upon his backe  
As snailes their shells, or pedlers do their packe.  
Who cannot shine in tissues and pure gold  
That hath his lands and patrimony sold?  
Lolio's side coat is rough pampilian  
Gilded with drops that downe the bosome ran,  
White carsey hose patched on either knee,  
The very embleme of good husbandry,  
And a knit night-cap made of coursest twine,  
With two long labels button'd to his chin;  
So rides he mounted on the market-day,  
Upon a straw-stufft pannel all the way,

With

With a maund charg'd with houshold merchandize,  
With eggs, or white-meate, from both dayries ;  
And with that buys he roast for Sunday noone,  
Proud how he made that week's provision.  
Else is he stall-fed on the worky-day,  
With browne-bread crusts soften'd in sodden whey,  
Or water-gruell, or those paups of meale  
That Maro makes his simule, and cybeale :  
Or once a weeke, perhaps for novelty,  
Reez'd bacon soords shall feast his family ;  
And weens this more than one egg cleft in twaine  
To feast some patronē and his chappelaine :  
Or more than is some hungry gallant's dole,  
That in a dearth runs sneaking to an hole,  
And leaves his man and dog to keepe his hall  
Lest the wild room should run forth of the wall.  
Good man ! him lift not spend his idle meales  
In quinsing plovers, or in wining quailes ;  
Nor toot in cheap-side baskets earne and late  
To set the first tooth in some novell cate.  
Let sweet-mouth'd Mercia bid what crowns she please  
For half-red cherries, or greene garden pease,  
Or the first artichoaks of all the yeare,  
To make so lavish cost for little cheare :  
When Lolio feasteth in his revelling fit,  
Some starved pullen scoures the rusted spit.  
For else how should his sonne maitained be  
At inns of court or of the chancery :  
There to learn law, and courtly carriage,  
To make amends for his mean parentage ;  
Where he unknowne and ruffling as he can,  
Goes currant each where for a gentleman ?

While

While yet he roufeth at some uncouth signe,  
Nor ever red his tenures second line.

What broker's lousy wardrobe cannot reach  
With tissued pains to pranck each peasant's breech?  
Couldst thou but give the wall, the cap, the knee,  
To proud Sartorio that goes straddling by.

Wert not the needle pricked on his sleeve,  
Doth by good hap the secret watch-word give?  
But hear'st thou Lolio's sonne? gin not thy gaite  
Until the evening owl or bloody bat:

Never until the lamps of Paul's been light,  
And niggard lanterns shade the moon-shine night;  
Then when the guilty bankrupt, in bold dreade,  
From his close cabbin thrusts his shrinking heade,  
That hath been long in shady shelter pent  
Imprisoned for feare of prisonment.

May be some ruffet-coat parochian  
Shall call thee cousin, friend, or countryman,  
And for thy hoped fist crossing the streeete  
Shall in his father's name his god-son greet.  
Could never man work thee a worser shame  
Than once to minge thy father's odious name?  
Whose mention were alike to thee as lieve  
As a catch-poll's fist unto a bankrupt's sleeve;  
Or an *hos ego* from old Petrarch's spright  
Unto a plagiary sonnet-wright.

There, soon as he can kiss his hand in gree,  
And with good grace bow it below the knee,  
Or make a Spanish face with fawning cheere,  
With th' iland conge like a cavalier,  
And shake his head, and cringe his neck and side,  
Home hies he in his father's farm to bide.

The tenants wonder at their landlord's sonne,  
And blesse them at so sudden coming on,  
More than who vies his pence to view some trick  
Of stranges Moroco's dumb arithmetick,  
Or the young elephant, or two-tayl'd steere,  
Or the rigg'd camell, or the fiddling frere.  
Nay then his Hodge shall leave the plough and waine,  
And buy a booke, and go to schoole againe.  
Why mought not he as well as others done,  
Rise from his fescue to his Littleton?  
Fools they may feed with words and live by ayre,  
That climb to honour by the pulpit's stayre:  
Sit seven years pining in an anchore's cheyre,  
To win some patched shreds of Minivere;  
And seven more plod at a patron's tayle  
To get a gilded chapel's cheaper sayle.  
Old Lolio fees, and laugheth in his sleeve  
At the great hope they and his state do give.  
But that which glads and makes him proud'it of all,  
Is when the brabbling neighbours on him call  
For counsel in some crabbed case of law,  
Or some indentments, or some bond to draw:  
His neighbour's goose hath grazed on his lea,  
What action mought be enter'd in the plea?  
So new-fall'n lands have made him in request,  
That now he looks as lofty as the best.  
And well done Lolio, like a thrifty squire,  
'Twere pity but thy sonne should prove a squire.  
How I foresee in many ages past,  
When Lolio's caytive name is quite defac'd,  
Thine heir, thine heir's heir, and his heir again  
From out the loynes of careful Lolian,

Shall

Shall climb up to the chancell pewes on high,  
And rule and raigne in their rich tenancy ;  
When perch'd aloft to perfect their estate  
They rack their rents unto a treble rate ;  
And hedge in all the neighbour common lands,  
And clodge their slavish tenants with commands ;  
Whiles they, poor souls, with feeling sigh complaine,  
And wish old Lolio were alive againe,  
And praise his gentle soule and wish it well,  
And of his friendly facts full often tell.  
His father dead ! tush, no it was not he,  
He finds records of his great pedigree,  
And tells how first his famous ancestour  
Did come in long since with the conquerour.  
Nor hath some bribed herald first assignd  
His quartered arms and crest of gentle kind ;  
The Scottish barnacle, if I might choose,  
That of a worme doth waxe a winged goose ;  
Nathlesse some hungry squire for hope of good  
Matches the churl's sonne into gentle blood,  
Whose sonne more justly of his gentry boasts  
Than who were borne at two py'd painted posts,  
And had some traunting merchant to his fire,  
That trafick'd both by water and by fire.  
O times ! since ever Rome did kings create,  
Brasse gentlemen, and Cæsars laureate.

## S A T I R E III.

*Fuimus trees. Vel vix ea nostra.*

WHAT boots it Pontice, tho' thou could'st discourse  
Of a long golden line of ancestours ?  
Or shew their painted faces gayly drest,  
From ever since before the last conquest ?  
Or tedious bead-rolls of descended blood,  
From father Japhet since Ducaslion's flood ?  
Or call some old church-windows to record  
The age of thy fair armes ; ——  
Or find some figures halfe obliterate  
In rain-beat marble near to the church-gate  
Upon a crosse-legg'd tombe : what boots it thee  
To shew the rusted buckle that did tie  
The garter of thy greatest grandfires knee ?  
What to reserve their relicks many yeares,  
Their silver-spurs, or spils of broken speares ?  
Or cite old Ocland's verse, how they did weild  
The wars in Turwin, or in Turney field ?  
And if thou canst in picking strawes engage  
In one half day thy father's heritage ;  
Or hide whatever treasures he thee got,  
In some deep cock-pit, or in desp'rare lot  
Upon a six-square piece of ivory,  
Throw both thy self and thy posterity ?  
Or if (O shame !) in hired harlot's bed  
Thy wealthy heirdome thou have buried :  
Then Pontice little boots thee to discourse  
Of a long golden line of ancestours.

Ventrous

Ventrous Fortunio his farm hath sold,  
And gads to Guiane land to fish for gold,  
Meeting perhaps, if Orenoque deny,  
Some straggling pinnace of Polonian rye:  
Then comes home floating with a silken sail,  
That Severne shaketh with his cannon-peal;  
Wiser Raymundus, in his closet pent,  
Laughs at such danger and adventurement,  
When half his lands are spent in golden smoke,  
And now his second hopeful glasse is broke.  
But yet if haply his third fornace hold,  
Devoteth all his pots and pans to gold:  
So spend thou Pontice, if thou canst not spare,  
Like some stout seaman, or philosopher.  
And were thy fathers gentle? that's their praise;  
No thank to thee by whom their name decays;  
By virtue got they it, and valourous deed;  
Do thou so, Pontice, and be honoured.  
But else, look how their virtue was their owne,  
Not capable of propagation.  
Right so their titles beene, nor can be thine,  
Whose ill deserts might blanke their golden line.  
Tell me, thou gentle Trojan, dost thou prize  
Thy brute beasts worth by their dams qualities?  
Say'ft thou this colt shall prove a swift-pac'd steed  
Only because a Jennet did him breed?  
Or say'ft thou this same horse shall win the prize,  
Because his dam was swiftest Trunchefice,  
Or Runcevall his fire? himself a Gallaway?  
Whiles like a tireling jade he lags half-way.  
Or whiles thou see'st some of thy stallion race,  
Their eyes bor'd out, masking the miller's maze,

Like to a Scythian slave sworne to the payle,  
Or dragging frothy barrels at his tayle ?  
Albe wise nature in her providence,  
Wont in the want of reason and of sene,  
Traduce the native virtue with the kind,  
Making all brute and senselesse things inclin'd  
Unto their cause, or place where they were fowne ;  
That one is like to all, and all like one.  
Was never fox but wily cubs begets ;  
The bear his fiercenesse to his brood besets :  
Nor fearful hare falls out of lyon's seed,  
Nor eagle wont the tender dove to breed.  
Creet ever wont the cypress sad to bear,  
Acheron banks the palish popelar :  
The palm doth rifely rise in Jury field,  
And Alpheus waters nought but olives wild.  
Asopus breeds big bullrushes alone,  
Meander, heath ; peaches by Nilus growne.  
An English wolfe, an Irish toad to see,  
Were as a chaste man nurs'd in Italy.  
And now when nature gives another guide  
To human-kind, that in his bosome bides,  
Above instinct, his reason and discourse,  
His being better, is his life the worse ?  
Ah me ! how seldome see we sonnes succeed  
Their father's praise, in prowesse and great deed ?  
Yet certes if the fire be ill inclin'd,  
His faults befal his sonnes by course of kind.  
Scaurus was covetous, his sonne not so ;  
But not his pared nayle will he forego.  
Florian the fire did women love alive,  
And so his sonne doth too, all but his wife.

Brag of thy father's faults, they are thine own :  
Brag of his lands if they are not foregone.  
Brag of thine own good deeds, for they are thine  
More than his life, or lands, or golden line.

## S A T I R E IV.

*Plus beaque fort.*

CAN I not touch some upstart carpet-shield  
Of Lolio's sonne, that never saw the field ;  
Or taxe wild Pontice for his luxuries  
But straight they tell me of Tiresias' eyes ?  
Or lucklesse Collingborn's feeding of the crowes,  
Or hundreth scalps which Thames still overflowes,  
But straight Sigalion nods and knits his browes,  
And winkes and wastes his warning hand for feare,  
And lisps some silent letters in my eare ?  
Have I not vow'd for shunning such debate ?  
Pardon ye satires, to degenerate !  
And wading low in the plebeian lake,  
That no salt wave shall froth upon my backe.  
Let Labeo, or who else lift for me,  
Go loose his ears and fall to alchimy :  
Only let Gallio give me leave a while  
To schoole him once or ere I change my style.  
O lawlesse paunch ! the cause of much despight,  
Through raunging of a currish appetite,  
When spleenish morsels cram the gaping maw,  
Withouten diet's care or trencher-law ;

Tho'

Tho' never have I Salerne rhymes profest  
To be some lady's trencher-critick guest ;  
Whiles each bit cooleth for the oracle,  
Whose sentence charms it with a rhyming spell.  
Touch not this coler, that melancholy,  
This bit were dry and hot, that cold and dry.  
Yet can I set my Gallio's dieting,  
A pestle of a lark, or plover's wing ;  
And warn him not to cast his wanton eyne  
On grosser bacon, or salt haberdine,  
Or dried flitches of some smoked beeve,  
Hang'd on a writhen wythe since Martin's eve,  
Or burnt larke's heeles, or rashers raw and greene,  
Or melancholick liver of an hen,  
Which stout Vorano brags to make his feast,  
And claps his hand on his brave ostridge breast ;  
Then falls to praise the hardy Janizar  
That sucks his horse fide, thirsting in the war.  
Lastly, to seal up all that he hath spoke,  
Quaffes a whole tunnell of tobacco smoke.  
If Martius in boist'rous buffs be dress'd,  
Branded with iron plates upon the breast,  
And pointed on the shoulders for the nonce,  
As new come from the Belgian garrisons,  
What should thou need to envy ought at that,  
Whenas thou smellest like a civet cat ?  
Whenas thine oyled locks smooth platted fall,  
Shining like varnish'd pictures on a wall.  
When a plum'd fanne may shade thy chalked face,  
And lawny strips thy naked bosom grace.  
If brabbling Make-fray, at each fair and size,  
Picks quarrels for to shew his valiantize,

Straight

Straight pressed for an hungry Swizzer's pay  
To thrust his fist to each part of the fray,  
And piping hot puffs toward the pointed plaine  
With a broad Scot, or proking spit of Spaine ;  
Or hoyfeth sayle up to a forraine shore,  
That he may live a lawlesse conquerour.  
If some such desp'rate hackster shall devise  
To rouze thine hare's-heart from her cowardice,  
As idle children striving to excell  
In blowing bubbles from an empty shell ;  
Oh Hercules ! how like to prove a man,  
That all so rath thy warlike life began ?  
Thy mother could thee for thy cradle set  
Her husband's rusty iron corselet ;  
Whose jargling sound might rock her babe to rest,  
That never plain'd of his uneasy nest :  
There did he dreame of dreary wars at hand,  
And woke and fought, and won, ere he could stand.  
But who hath seene the lambs of Tarentine,  
May guesse what Gallio his manners beene ;  
All soft as is the falling thistle-downe,  
Soft as the fumy ball, or Morrian's crowne.  
Now Gallio, gins thy youthly heat to raigne  
In every vigorous limb and swelling vaine ;  
Time bids thee raise thine headstrong thoughts on high,  
To valour and adventrous chivalry :  
Pawne thou no glove for challenge of the deed,  
Nor make thy Quintaine others armed head  
T'enrich the waiting herald with thy shame,  
And make thy losse the scornful scaffold's game.  
Wars, God forefend ! nay God defend from war ;  
Soone are sonnes spent, that not soon reared are:

Gallio

Gallio may pull me roses ere they fall,  
 Or in his net entrap the tennis-ball,  
 Or tend his spar-hawke mantling in her mew,·  
 Or yelping beagles busy heeles pursue,  
 Or watch a sinking corke upon the shore,  
 Or halter finches through a privy doore,  
 Or list he spend the time in sportful game,  
 In daily courting of his lovely dame,  
 Hang on her lips, melt in her wanton eye,  
 Dance in her hand, joy in her jollity ;  
 Here's little perill, and much lesser paine,  
 So timely Hymen do the rest restraine.  
 Hye wanton Gallio, and wed betime,  
 Why should'ft thou leefe the pleasures of thy prime ?  
 Seest thou the rose-leaves fall ungathered ?  
 Then hye thee, wanton Gallio, to wed.  
 Let ring and ferule meet upon thine hand,  
 And Lucine's girdle with her swathing-band.  
 Hye thee, and give the world yet one dwarfe more,  
 Such as it got when thou thy selfe wast bore :  
 Looke not for warning of thy bloomed chin,  
 Can ever happiness too soone begin ?  
 Virginius vow'd to keep his maidenhead,  
 And eats chaste lettice, and drinks poppy-seed,  
 And smells on camphire fasting ; and that done,  
 Long hath he liv'd, chaste as a vailed nunne ;  
 Free as a new-absolved damosell  
 That frier Cornelius shrived in his cell,  
 Till now he wax'd a toothlesse bachelour,  
 He thaws like Chaucer's frosty Januere,  
 And sets a month's mind upon smiling May,  
 And dyes his beard that did his age bewray ;

## BOOK IV. S A T I R E S.

71

Biting on annys-seede and rosemary,  
Which might the fume of his rot lungs refine :  
Now he in Charon's barge a bride doth seeke,  
The maidens mocke, and call him withered lekke,  
That with a greene tayle hath an hoary head,  
And now he would, and now he cannot wed.

## S A T I R E V.

*Stupet albius ære.*

WOULD now that Matho were the satyrist,  
That some fat bribe might grease him in the fist,  
For which he need not brawl at any bar,  
Nor kisse the booke to be a perjuror ;  
Who else would scorne his silence to have sold,  
And have his tongue tyed with strings of gold ?  
Curius is dead, and buried long since,  
And all that loved golden abstinence.  
Might he not well repine at his old fee,  
Would he but spare to speake of usury ?  
Hirelings enow beside can be so base,  
Tho' we should scorne each bribing varlet's brasse :  
Yet he and I could shun each jealous head,  
Sticking our thumbs close to our girdle-stead.  
Tho' were they manicled behind our backe,  
Another's fist can serve our fees to take.  
Yet purfy Euclio cheerly smiling pray'd  
That my sharp words might curtail their fide trade ;  
For thousands beene in every governall  
That live by losse, and rise by others fall.

Whatever

Whatever sickly sheepe so secret dies,  
But some foule raven hath bespoke his eyes?  
What else makes N—— when his lands are spent  
Go shaking like a threadbare malecontent,  
Whose bandlesse bonnet vailles his o'ergrown chin,  
And sullen rags bewray his morphew'd skin:  
So ships he to the wolfish western isle  
Among the savage kernes in sad exile;  
Or in the Turkish wars at Cæsar's pay  
To rub his life out till the latest day.  
Another shifting gallant to forecast  
To gull his hostess for a month's repast,  
With some gall'd trunk, ballast with straw and stone,  
Left for the pawn of his provision.  
Had F——'s shop layn fallow but from hence,  
His doores close seal'd as in some pestilence,  
Whiles his light heeles their fearful flight can take,  
To get some badgelesse blue upon his back.  
Tocullio was a wealthy usurer,  
Such store of incomes had he every year,  
By bushels was he wont to mete his coine,  
As did the olde wife of Trimalcion.  
Could he do more that finds an idle roome  
For many hundred thousands on a toombe?  
Or who rears up four free-schooles in his age  
Of his old pillage, and damn'd surplusage?  
Yet now he swore by that sweete crosse he kiss'd  
(That silver crosse, where he had sacrific'd  
His coveting soule, by his desire's owne doome,  
Daily to die the devil's martyrdome)  
His angels were all flowne up to their sky,  
And had forsooke his naked treasury.

Farewell

Farewell Astrea and her weights of gold,  
Untill his lingring calends once be told ;  
Nought left behind but wax and parchment scroles,  
Like Lucian's dreame that silver turn'd to coals.  
Should'ft thou him credit that nould credit thee ?  
Yes, and may'ft sweare he swore the verity.  
The ding-thrift heir his shifft-got summe misspent,  
Comes drooping like a penlesse penitent,  
And beats his faint fist on Tocullio's doore,  
It lost the last, and now must call for more.  
Now hath the spider caught a wand'ring fly,  
And draws her captive at her cruel thigh :  
Soon is his errand read in his pale face,  
Which bears dumb characters of every case.  
So Cyned's dusky cheeke and fiery eye,  
And hairlesse brow, tells where he last did lye.  
So Matho doth bewray his guilty thought,  
While his pale face doth say his cause is nought,  
Seest thou the wary angler trayle along  
His feeble line, soone as some pike too strong  
Hath swallowed the baite that scornes the shore,  
Yet now near-hand cannot resist no more.  
So lieth he aloofe in smooth pretence,  
To hide his rough intended violence.  
As he that under name of Christmas cheere  
Can starve his tennants all th' ensuing yeare.  
Paper and wax, (God wot !) a weake repay  
For such deepe debts and downcast sums as they :  
Write, seale, deliver, take, go spend and spedde,  
And yet full hardly could his present need  
Part with such sum; for but as yester-late  
Did Furnus offer pen-worths at easy rate,

For small disbursment ; he the bankes hath broke,  
And needs mote now some further playne o'erlook ;  
Yet ere he go faine would he be releast,  
Hye ye, ye ravens, hye you to the feast.  
Provided that thy lands are left entire,  
To be redeem'd or ere thy day expire :  
Then shalt thou teare those idle paper bonds  
That thus had fettered thy pawned lands.  
Ah foole ! for sooner shalt thou sell the rest  
Than stake ought for thy former interest ;  
When it shall grind thy grating gall for shame,  
To see the lands that beare thy grandfire's name  
Become a dunghill peasant's summer-hall,  
Or lonely hermit's cage inhospitall ;  
A pining gourmand, an imperious slave,  
An horse-leech, barren wombe and gaping grave ;  
A legal thiefe, a bloodlesse murtherer,  
A fiend incarnate, a false usurer :  
Albe such mayne extort scorns to be pent  
In the clay walls of thatched tenement :  
For certes no man of a low degree  
May bid two guests, or gout, or usury :  
Unlesse some base hedge-creeping Collybist  
Scatters his refuse scraps on whom he list  
For Easter gloves, or for a shrove-tide hen,  
Which bought to give, he takes to sell again.  
I do not meane some glozing merchant's feate,  
That laugheth at the cozened world's deceit,  
When as an hundred stoks lie in his fist,  
He leaks and sinks, and breaketh when he list.  
But Nummius eas'd the needy gallant's care  
With a base bargain of his blowen ware

Of fusted hops, now lost for lack of sale,  
 Or mould brown paper that could nought availe ;  
 Or what he cannot utter otherwise,  
 May pleasure Fridoline for treble price ;  
 Whiles his false broker lieth in the wind,  
 And for a present chapman is assign'd,  
 The cut-throat wretch for their compacted gaine  
 Buys all but for one quarter of the mayne ;  
 Whiles if he chance to break his deare-bought day  
 And forfeit, for default of due repay,  
 His late intangled lands ; then, Fridoline,  
 Buy thee a wallet, and go beg or pine.  
 If Mammon's selfe should ever live with men,  
 Mammon himself shall be a citizen.

## SATIRE VI.

*Quid placet ergo ?*

**I** Wot not how the world's degenerate,  
 That men or know, or like not their estate :  
 Out from the Gades up to th' eastern morne,  
 Not one but holds his native state forlorne.  
 When comely striplings wish it were their chance,  
 For Cænis distaffe to enchange their lance,  
 And weare curl'd perriwigs, and chalk their face,  
 And still are poring on their pocket-glasse.  
 Tyr'd with pinn'd ruffs and fans, and partlet strips,  
 And busks and verdingales about their hips ;  
 And tread on corked stilts a prisoner's pace,  
 And make their napkin for their spitting place,

G 2

And

And gripe their waist within a narrow span :  
Fond Cænis that would'ft wish to be a man !  
Whose manish housewives like their refuse state,  
And make a drudge of their uxorious mate,  
Who like a cot-queene freezeth at the rock,  
Whiles his breech't dame doth man the forren stock.  
Is't not a shame to see each homely groome  
Sit perched in an idle chariot roome,  
That were not meete some pannel to bestride,  
Sur singled to a galled hackney's hide ? }  
Each muck-worme will be rich with lawlesse gaine,  
Altho' he smother up mowes of seven years graine,  
And hang'd himself when corne grows cheap again ; }  
Altho' he buy whole harvests in the spring,  
And foyst in false strikes to the measuring : }  
Altho' his shop be muffled from the light  
Like a day dungeon, or Cimmerian night :  
Nor full nor fasting can the carle take rest,  
While his George-Nobles rusten in his chest,  
He sleeps but once, and dreames of burglary,  
And wakes and casts about his frighted eye,  
And gropes for th' eves in ev'ry darker shade ;  
And if a mouse but stirre he calls for ayde.  
The sturdy plough-man doth the soldier see  
All scarfed with py'd colours to the knee,  
Whom Indian pillage hath made fortunate,  
And now he gins to loathe his former state :  
Now doth he inly scorne his Kendall-Greene,  
And his patch'd cockers now despised beene.  
Nor list he now go whistling to the carre,  
But sells his teeme and fetleth to the warre.  
O warre ! to them that never try'd thee, sweete !  
When his dead mate falls groveling at his feete,

And

And angry bullets whistlen at his eare,  
And his dim eyes see nought but death and drere.  
Oh happy ploughman! were thy weale well knowne :  
Oh happy all estates except his owne !  
Some drunken rhymer thinks his time well spent,  
If he can live to see his name in print ;  
Who when he is once fleshed to the presse,  
And sees his handsell have such faire successe,  
Sung to the wheele, and sung unto the payle,  
He sents forth thraves of ballads to the sale.  
Nor then can rest, but volumes up bodg'd rhymes,  
To have his name talk'd of in future times.  
The brain-fick youth that feeds his tickled eare  
With sweet-sauc'd lies of some false traveller,  
Which hath the Spanish decades read awhile,  
Or whet-stone leafings of old Mandeville ;  
Now with discourses breakes his mid-night sleepe,  
Of his adventures through the Indian deepe,  
Of all their massy heapes of golden mine,  
Or of the antique toombes of Palestine ;  
Or of Damascus magick wall of glasse,  
Of Solomon his sweating piles of brasse,  
Of the bird Ruc that bears an elephant,  
Of mermaids that the southerne feas do haunt ;  
Of headlesse men, of savage cannibals,  
The fashions of their lives and governals :  
What monstrous cities there erected be,  
Cayro, or the city of the Trinity.  
Now are they dung-hill cocks that have not seene  
The bordering Alpes, or else the neighbour Rhine :  
And now he plies the newes-full grashopper,  
Of voyages and ventures to enquire.

His land mortgag'd, he sea-beat in the way,  
 Wishes for home a thousand sighs a day.  
 And now he deems his home-bred fare as leefe  
 As his parcht bisket, or his barrel'd beefe.  
 Mongst all these stirs of discontented strife,  
 Oh let me lead an academick life;  
 To know much, and to think we nothing know;  
 Nothing to have, yet think we have enowe;  
 In skill to want and wanting seek for more;  
 In weale nor want, nor wish for greater store.  
 Envy ye monarchs, with your proud exceſſe,  
 At our low fayle, and our high happinesse.

## S A T I R E VII.

P O M H P Y M H.

**W**HOM says these Romish pageants been too high  
 To be the scorne of sportful poesy?  
 Certes not all the world such matter wist  
 As are the feven hills, for a satyrist.  
 Perdie I loath an hundred Mathoes tongues,  
 An hundred gamesters shifts, or landlords wrongs,  
 Or Labeo's poems, or base Lolio's pride,  
 Or ever what I thought or wrote beside.  
 When once I thinke if carping Aquine's spright  
 To see now Rome, were licenc'd to the light,  
 How his enraged ghoſt would stamp and stare,  
 That Cæſar's throne is turn'd to Peter's chayre.  
 To see an old shorne Lozell perched high,  
 Croſſing beneath a golden canopy;

The

The whiles a thousand hairlesse crownes crouch low  
To kisse the precious case of his proud toe;  
And for the lordly Fasces borne of old,  
To see two quiet crossed keyes of gold,  
Or Cybele's shrine, the famous Pantheon's frame,  
Turn'd to the honour of our Lady's name.  
But that he most would gaze and wonder at,  
Is th' horned mitre, and the bloody hat,  
The crooked staffe, their coule's strange form and store,  
Save that he saw the same in hell before;  
To see the broken nuns, with new-shorne heads,  
In a blind cloyster tosse their idle beades,  
Or louzy coules come smoking from the stewes,  
To raise the lewd rent to their lord accrewes,  
(Who with ranke Venice doth his pompe advance  
By trading of ten thousand courtezans)  
Yet backward must absolve a female's finne,  
Like to a false dissembling Theatine,  
Who when his skin is red with shirts of male  
And rugged haire-cloth scoures his greasy nayle;  
Or wedding garment tames his stubborne backe,  
Which his hempe girdle dies all blew and blacke.  
Or of his almes-boule three dayes supp'd and din'd,  
Trudges to open stewes of either kinde:  
Or takes some cardinal's stable in the way,  
And with some pampered mule doth weare the day,  
Kept for his lord's own saddle when him lift.  
Come Valentine, and play the satyrist,  
To see poor sucklings welcom'd to the light  
With fearing irons of some soure jacobite,  
Or golden offers of an aged foole,  
To make his coffin some Franciscan's coule;

To

To see the pope's blacke knight, a cloaked frere,  
Sweating in the channel like a scavengere.  
Whom erst thy bowed hamme did lowly greete,  
When at the corner-crosse thou didst him meete,  
Tumbling his rosaries hanging at his belt,  
Or his barretta, or his towred felt :  
To see a lazy dumbe Acholithite  
Armed against a devout flye's despight,  
Which at th' high altar doth the chalice vaile  
With a broad flie-flappe of a peacocke's tayle,  
The whiles the liquorous priest spits every trice  
With longing for his morning sacrifice,  
Which he reares up quite perpendiculare,  
That the mid church doth spighte the chancel's fare,  
Beating their empty mawes that would be fed  
With the scant morsels of the sacristis bread :  
Would he not laugh to death when he should heare  
The shamelesse legends of St. Christopher,  
St. George, the Sleepers, or St. Peter's well,  
Or of his daughter good St. Petronell ?  
But had he heard the female father's groane,  
Yeaning in mids of her procession ;  
Or now should see the needlesse tryal-chayre,  
(When each is proved by his bastard heyre)  
Or saw the churches, and new calendere  
Pester'd with mongrel saints and relicks deare,  
Should he cry out on Codro's tedious toombes  
When his new rage would ask no narrower roomes ?

*E N D of the fourth B O O K,*

S A T I R E S.

B O O K V.

I  
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## B O O K V.

## S A T I R E I.

*Sit pæna merenti.*

PARDON ye glowing eares ; needs will it out,  
 Tho' brazen walls compas'd my tongue about  
 As thick as wealthy Scrobio's quick-set rowes  
 In the wide common that he did enclose.  
 Pull out mine eyes, if I shall see no vice,  
 Or let me see it with detesting eyes.  
 Renowned Aquine, now I follow thee,  
 Far as I may for feare of jeopardy ;  
 And to thy hand yield up the ivy-mace  
 From crabbed Persius, and more smoothe Horace ;  
 Or from that shrew the Roman poetesse,  
 That taught her gossips learned bitternesse ;  
 Or Lucile's muse whom thou didst imitate,  
 Or Menips old, or Pasquillers of late.  
 Yet name I not Mutius, or Tigilline,  
 Tho' they deserve a keener style than mine ;  
 Nor meane to ransack up the quiet grave ;  
 Nor burn dead bones, as he example gave :  
 I taxe the living ; let the dead ashes rest,  
 Whose faults are dead, and nailed in their chest.

Who

Who can refrain that's guiltlesse of their crime,  
Whiles yet he lives in such a cruel time?  
When Titio's grounds, that in his grandfire's dayes  
But one pound fine, one penny rent did raise,  
A summer snow-ball, or a winter rose,  
Is growne to thousands as the world now goes.  
So thrift and time sets other things on floate,  
That now his sonne soups in a filken coate,  
Whose grandfire happily, a poore hungry swaine,  
Begg'd some cast abbey in the church's wayne:  
And but for that, whatever he may vaunt,  
Who knows a monk had been a mendicant?  
While freezing Matho, that for one lean fee  
Won't term each term the term of Hillary,  
May now instead of those his simple fees,  
Get the fee-simples of faire manneries.  
What, did he counterfeat his prince's hand,  
For some streade lordship of concealed land?  
Or on each Michael and Lady-Day,  
Took he deepe forfeits for an hour's delay?  
And gain'd no lesse by such injurious brawl,  
Then Gamius by his sixth wife's burial?  
Or hath he wonne some wider interest,  
By hoary charters from his grandfire's chest,  
Which late some bribed scribe for slender wage,  
Writ in the characters of another age,  
That Plowdon selfe might stammer to rehearfe,  
Whose date o'erlooks three centuries of years.  
Who ever yet the tracks of weale so try'd,  
But there hath been one beaten way beside?  
He, when he lets a lease for life, or yeares,  
(As never he doth until the date expires;

For

For when the full state in his fist doth lie,  
He may take vantage of the vacancy)  
His fine affords so many treble pounds  
As he agreeth yeares to lease his grounds :  
His rent in fair responce must arise  
To double trebles of his one yeare's price.  
Of one baye's breadth, God wot ! a filly coate,  
Whose thatched spars are furr'd with fluttish foote  
A whole inch thick, shining like black-moor's brows,  
Through smoke that down the headlesse barrel blows.  
At his bed's feet feeden his stalled teeme ;  
His swine beneath, his pullen o'er the beame.  
A starved tenement, such as I guesse  
Stands straggling in the wastes of Holdernesse ;  
Or such as shiver on a Peake hill fide,  
When March's lungs beate on their turf-clad hide,  
Such as nice Lipfius would grudge to see  
Above his lodging in wild Westphalye ;  
Or as the Saxon king his court might make,  
When his fides playned of the neat-heard's cake.  
Yet must he haunt his greedy landlord's hall  
With often presents at each festivall :  
With crammed capons every New-yeare's morne,  
Or with green cheeses when his sheep are shorne :  
Or many maunds full of his mellow fruite,  
To make some way to win his weighty suite.  
Whom cannot gifts at last cause to relent,  
Or to win favour, or flee punishment ?  
When giple patrons turn their sturdie steele  
To waxe, when they the golden flame do feele :  
When grand Mæcenas casts a glavering eye  
On the cold present of a poesy :

And left he might more frankly take than give,  
Gropes for a French crowne in his empty sleeve.  
Thence Clodius hopes to set his shoulders free  
From the light burden of his Napery.  
The smiling landlord shewes a sun-shine face,  
Feigning that he will grant him further grace,  
And leers like Æsop's foxe upon a crane  
Whose neck he craves for his chirurgian:  
So lingers off the lease until the last,  
What recks he then of paines or promise past?  
Was ever feather, or fond woman's mind  
More light than words? the blasts of idle wind!  
What's fib or fire, to take the gentle slip,  
And in th' exchequer rot for surety-ship?  
Or thence thy starved brother live and die,  
Within the cold Coal-harbour sanctuary?  
Will one from Scots-bank bid but one groate more,  
My old tenant may be turned out of doore,  
Tho' much he spent in th' rotten roof's repaire,  
In hope to have it left unto his heir:  
Tho' many a load of marle and manure layd,  
Reviv'd his barren leas, that erst lay dead.  
Were he as Furyus, he would defy  
Such pilfering slips of petty landlordry:  
And might dislodge whole colonies of poore,  
And lay their roofe quite level with their floore,  
Whiles yet he gives as to a yielding fence,  
Their bag and baggage to his citizens,  
And ships them to the new-nam'd Virgin-lond,  
Or wilder Wales where never wight yet wonn'd.  
Would it not vex thee where thy fires did keep,  
To see the dunged folds of dag-tayl'd sheep?

And

And ruin'd house where holy things were said,  
 Whose free-stone walls the thatched roofe upbraid,  
 Whose shrill saint's-bell hangs on his livery,  
 While the rest are damned to the plumbery ?  
 Yet pure devotion lets the steeple stand,  
 And idle battlements on either hand :  
 Lest that, perhaps, were all those relicks gone,  
 Furius his sacrilege could not be knowne.

## S A T I R E II.

*Heic quærite Trojam.*

HOUSE-KEEPING'S dead, Saturio, wot'ſt thou where ?  
 Forsooth they say far hence in Breck-neck shire.  
 And ever ſince, they say that feel and taste,  
 That men may break their neck ſoon as their fast.  
 Cerets if pity dy'd at Chaucer's date,  
 He liv'd a widower long behind his mate :  
 Save that I ſee ſome rotten bed-rid fire,  
 Which to out-strip the nonage of his heire,  
 Is cramm'd with golden brothſ, and drugs of price,  
 And each day dying lives, and living dies ;  
 Till once surviv'd his wardship's laten eve,  
 His eyes are clos'd, with choice to die or live.  
 Plenty and He dy'd both in that fame yeare,  
 When the ſad ſky did ſhed fo many a teare.  
 And now, who liſt not of his labour faile,  
 Mark with Saturio my friendly tale.  
 Along thy way thou canſt not but defcry  
 Fair glittering halls to tempt the hopeful eye,

H z

Thy

Thy right eye 'gins to leap for vaine delight,  
And surbeat toes to tickle at the sight ;  
As greedy T—— when in the sounding mould  
He finds a shining potshard tip'd with gold ;  
For never syren tempts the pleased eares,  
As these the eye of fainting passengers.  
All is not so that seemes, for surely then  
Matrona should not be a courtezan ;  
Smooth Chrysalus should not be rich with fraud,  
Nor honest R—— be his own wife's bawd.  
Look not asquint, nor stride across the way  
Like some demurring Alcide to delay ;  
But walk on cheerly, till thou have espy'd  
St. Peter's finger at the church-yard side.  
But wilt thou needs when thou art warn'd so well  
Go see who in so garish walls doth dwell ?  
There findeſt thou ſome ſtately Dorick frame,  
Or neat Ionick worke ;——  
Like the vain bubble of Iberian pride,  
That over-croweth all the world beside.  
Which rear'd to raise the crazy monarch's fame,  
Strives for a court and for a college name ;  
Yet nougħt within but lousy coules doth hold,  
Like a ſcabb'd cuckow in a cage of gold.  
So pride above doth ſhade the shame below ;  
A golden periwig on a black-moor's brow.  
When Maevio's firſt page of his poefy,  
Nail'd to an hundred poſtes for novelty,  
With his big title an Italian mot,  
Layes ſiege unto the backward buyer's groat ;  
Which all within is drafty fluttish geere,  
Fit for the oven, or the kitchen fire.

So this gay gate adds fuel to thy thought,  
 That such proud piles were never rais'd for nought.  
 Beat the broad gates a goodly hollow sound  
 With double echoes doth again rebound ;  
 But not a dog doth bark to welcome thee,  
 Nor churlish porter canst thou chafing see :  
 All dumb and silent, like the dead of night,  
 Or dwelling of some sleepy Sybarite.  
 The marble pavement hid with desart weed,  
 With house-leek, thistle, dock, and hemlock-seed :  
 But if thou chance cast up thy wond'ring eyes,  
 Thou shalt discern upon the frontispiece  
 ΟΥΔΕΙΣ ΕΙΣΙΤΩ graven up on high,  
 A fragment of old Plato's poesy :  
 The meaning is " Sir foole ye may be gone,  
 " Go back by leave, for way here lieth none.  
 Look to the tow'red chimnies which should be  
 The wind-pipes of good hospitality,  
 Through which it breatheth to the open aire,  
 Betokening life, and liberal welfare ;  
 Lo ! there th' unthankful swallow takes her rest,  
 And fills the tunnell with her circled nest ;  
 Nor half that smoke from all his chimnies goes  
 Which one tobacco-pipe drives thro' his nose.  
 So raw-bone hunger scorns the muddled walls,  
 And 'gins to revel it in lordly halls.  
 So the black prince is broken loose againe  
 That saw no funne fave once (as stories faine)  
 That once was, when in Trinacry I weene  
 He stole the daughter of the harvest queene,  
 And gript the mawes of barren Sicily  
 With long constraint of pineful penury ;

And they that should resist his second rage,  
Have pent themselves up in the private cage  
Of some blind lane, and there they lurk unknowne  
Till th' hungry tempest once be over-blowne :  
Then like the coward after neighbour's fray,  
They creep forth boldly, and ask, Where are they ?  
Mean-while the hunger-starv'd appurtenance  
Must bide the brunt, whatever ill mischance :  
Grim Famine sits in their fore-pined face,  
All full of angles of unequal space,  
Like to the plane of many-sided squares,  
That wont be drawne out by geometars ;  
So sharp and meager that who should them see  
Would swear they lately came from Hungary.  
When their brasie pans and winter coverlid  
Have wip'd the maunger of the horse's bread,  
Oh me ! what odds there seemeth 'twixt their cheer  
And the swolne bezzele at an alehouse fire,  
That tonnes in gallons to his bursten paunch,  
Whose slimy draughts his drought can never staunch ?  
For shame, ye gallants ! grow more hospitall,  
And turn your needlessse wardrobe to your hall.  
As lavish Virro that keeps open doores,  
Like Janus in the warres, —  
Except the twelve days, or the wake-day feast,  
What time he needs must be his coufin's guest.  
Philene hath bid him, can he choose but come ?  
Who should pull Virro's sleeve to stay at home ?  
All ycare besides who meal-time can attend :  
Come Trebius, welcome to the table's end.  
What tho' he chires on purer manchet's crowne,  
While his kind client grindes on blacke and browne,

A jolly rounding of a whole foot broad,  
From off the mong-corne heap shall Trebius load.  
What tho' he quaffe pure amber in his bowle  
Of March-brew'd wheat, yet flecks thy thirsting soul  
With palish oat, frothing in Boston clay,  
Or in a shallow cruise, nor must that stay  
Within thy reach, for feare of thy craz'd braine,  
But call and crave, and have thy cruise againe :  
Else how should even tale be registred,  
Or all thy draughts, on the chalk'd barrel's head ?  
And if he lift revive his heartles graine  
With some French grape, or pure Canariane,  
When pleasing Bourdeaux falls unto his lot,  
Some sow'rish Rochelle cuts thy thirsting throate.  
What tho' himselfe carveth his welcome friend  
With a cool'd pittance from his trencher's end,  
Must Trebius' lip hang toward his trencher side ?  
Nor kisse his fist to take what doth betide ?  
What tho' to spare thy teeth he employs thy tongue  
In busy questions all the dinner long ?  
What tho' the scornful waiter lookes askile,  
And pouts and frowns, and curfeth thee the while,  
And takes his farewell with a jealous eye,  
At every morsell he his last shall see ?  
And if but one exceed the common size,  
Or make an hillock in thy cheeke arise,  
Or if perchance thou shouldest, ere thou wist,  
Hold thy knife upright in thy griped fist,  
Or fitteſt double on thy backward seat,  
Or with thine elbow shad'ſt thy ſhared meat,  
He laughs thee, in his fellow's eare to ſcorne,  
And aſks aloud, where Trebius was borne ?

Tho'

Tho' the third sewer takes thee quite away  
 Without a staffe, when thou would'st longer stay,  
 What of all this? Is't not enough to say,  
 I din'd at Virro his owne board to day?

## S A T I R E III.

## KOINA ΦΙΛΩΝ.

**T**HE satire should be like the porcupine,  
 That shoots sharp quills out in each angry line,  
 And wounds the blushing cheeke, and fiery eye,  
 Of him that hears, and readeth guiltily.  
 Ye antique satires, how I blesse your dayes,  
 That brook'd your bolder stile, their own dispraise  
 And well near wish, yet joy my wish is vaine,  
 I had been then, or they been now againe!  
 For now our eares been of more brittle mold,  
 Than those dull earthen eares that were of old:  
 Sith theirs, like anvils, bore the hammer's head,  
 Our glasse can never touch unshivered.  
 But from the ashes of my quiet stile  
 Henceforth may rise some raging rough Lucile,  
 That may with Æschylus both find and leefe  
 The snaky tresses of th' Eumenides:  
 Meanwhile, sufficeth me, the world may say  
 'That I these vices loath'd another day,  
 Which I hane done with as devout a cheere  
 As he that rounds Poul's pillars in the yeare,  
 Or bends his ham downe in the naked quire.  
 'Twas ever said, Frontine, and ever scene,  
 That golden clerkes but wooden lawyers been.

Could

Could ever wise man wish, in good estate,  
The use of all things indiscriminate ?  
Who wots not yet how well this did beseeme  
The learned master of the academe ?  
Plato is dead, and dead is his device,  
Which some thought witty, none thought ever wise,  
Yet certes Mæcha is a Platonist  
To all, they say, save whoso do not list ;  
Because her husband, a far-trafick'd man,  
Is a profess'd Peripatecian.  
And so our grandsires were in ages past,  
That let their lands lye all so widely waste,  
That nothing was in pale or hedge ypent  
Within some province, or whole shire's extent.  
As nature made the earth, so did it lie,  
Save for the furrowes of their husbandry ;  
Whenas the neighbour-lands so couched layne  
That all bore shew of one fair champion :  
Some headlesse crosse they digged on their lea,  
Or roll'd some marked meare-stone in the way.  
Poor simple men ! for what mought that availe,  
That my field might not fill my neighbour's payle,  
More than a pilled stick can stand in stead,  
To bar Cynedo from his neighbour's bed ;  
More than the thread-bare client's poverty  
Debars th' attorney of his wonted fee ?  
If they were thriflesse, mought not we amend,  
And with more care our dangerd fields defend ?  
Each man can guard what thing he deemeth deare,  
As fearful merchants do their female heir,  
Which, were it not for promise of their wealth,  
Need not be stalled up for fear of stealth ;

Would

Would rather stick upon the bell-man's cries,  
Tho' profer'd for a branded Indian's price.

Then raise we muddy bulwarks on our banks,  
Beset around with treble quick-set ranks ;  
Or if those walls be over weak a ward,  
The squared bricke may be a better guard.

Go to, my thrifty yeoman, and upreare  
A brazen wall to shend thy land from feare.

Do so ; and I shall praise thee all the while,  
So be thou stake not up the common stile ;  
So be thou hedge in nougat but what's thine owne ;  
So be thou pay what tithes thy neighbours done ;  
So be thou let not lie in fallow'd plaine  
That which was wont yield usury of graine.

But when I see thy pitched stakes do stand  
On thy incroached piece of common land,  
Whiles thou discommonest thy neighbour's kyne,  
And warn'st that none feed on thy field save thine ;  
Brag no more, Scobius, of thy muddled bankes,  
Nor thy deep ditches, nor three quickset rankes.

O happy dayes of old Ducalion,  
When one was landlord of the world alone !

But now whose choler would not rise to yield  
A peasant halfe-stakes of his new-mown field,  
Whiles yet he may not for the treble price  
Buy out the remnant of his royalties ?

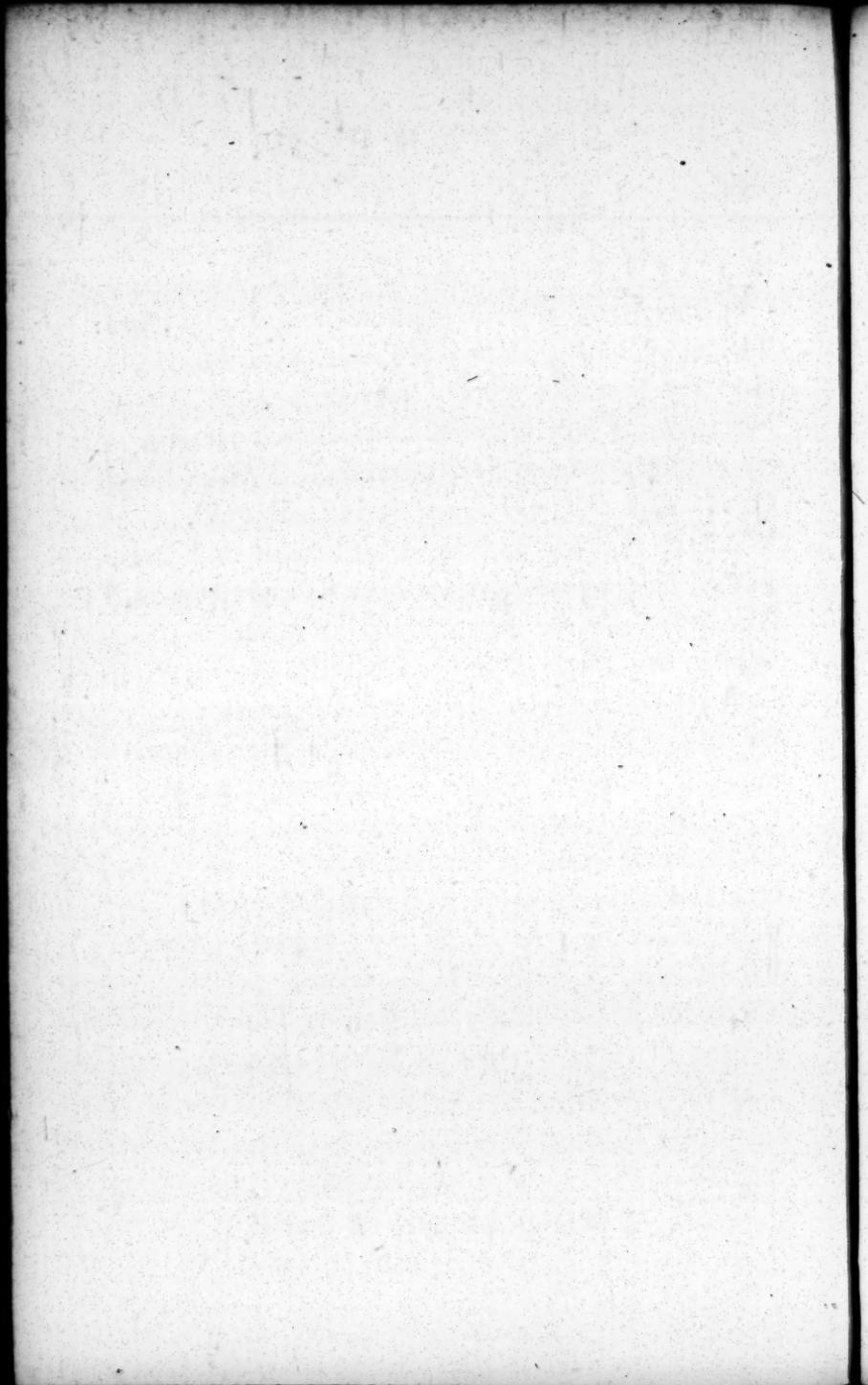
Go on and thrive, my petty tyrant's pride,  
Scorne thou to live, if others live beside ;  
And trace proud Castile that aspires to be  
In his old age a young fifth monarchy :  
Or the red hat that cries the lucklesse mayne,  
For wealthy Thames to change his lowly Rhine.

## S A T I R E IV.

*Possunt, quia posse videntur.*

VILLIUS, the wealthy farmer, left his heire  
Twice twenty sterlinc pounds to spend by yeare:  
The neighbours praiisen Villio's hide-bound sonne,  
And say it was a goodly portion.  
Not knowing how some merchants dow'r can rise,  
By Sunday's tale to fifty centuries;  
Or to weigh downe a leaden bride with gold,  
Worth all that Matho bought, or Pontice sold.  
But whiles ten pound goes to his wife's new gowne,  
Nor little lesse can serve to suit his owne;  
Whiles one piece pays her idle waiting-man,  
Or buys an hoode, or silver-handled fanne,  
Or hires a Friezeland trotter, halfe yard deepe,  
To drag his tumbrell through the staring Cheape;  
Or whiles he rideth with two liveries,  
And's treble rated at the subsidies;  
One end a kennel keeps of thriflesse hounds;  
What think ye restis of all my younker's pounds  
To diet him, or deal out at his doore,  
To coffer up, or stocke his wasting store?  
If then I reckon'd right, it should appeare  
That forty pounds serve not the farmer's heire.

*END of the fifth BOOK.*



S A T I R E S.

B O O K VI.

I

BOOK

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## B O O K VI.

## S A T I R E I.

*Semel insanivimus.*

L ABE O reserves a long naile for the nonce,  
 To wound my margent thro' ten leaves at once,  
 Much worse than Aristarchus his blacke pile  
 That pierc'd old Homer's side ; ———  
 And makes such faces that me seems I see  
 Some foul Megæra in the tragedy,  
 Threat'ning her twined snakes at Tantale's ghost ;  
 Or the grim visage of some frowning post  
 The crabtree porter of the Guild-hall gates ;  
 While he his frightful beetle elevates,  
 His angry eyne look all so glaring bright,  
 Like th' hunted badger in a moonlesse night :  
 Or like a painted staring Saracen ;  
 His cheeks change hue like th' air-fed vermin skin,  
 Now red, now pale, and swol'n above his eyes  
 Like to the old Colossian imageries.  
 But when he doth of my recanting heare,  
 Away ye angry fires, and frosts of feare,  
 Give place unto his hopeful temper'd thought  
 That yields to peace, ere ever peace be sought :

Then let me now repent me of my rage  
For writing satires in so righteous age.  
Whereas I should have stroak'd her tow'rdly head,  
And cry'd *evxe* in my satires stead ;  
Sith now not one of thousand does amisse,  
Was never age I weene so pure as this.  
As pure as old Labulla from the banes,  
As pure as through faire channels when it raines ;  
As pure as is a black-moor's face by night,  
As dung-clad skin of dying Heraclite.  
Seeke over all the world, and tell me where  
Thou find'st a proud man, or a flatterer ;  
A theif, a drunkard, or a paricide,  
A lecher, liar, or what vice beside ?  
Merchants are no whit covetous of late,  
Nor make no mart of time, gain of deceit.  
Patrons are honest now, o'er they of old,  
Can now no benefice be bought or sold ?  
Give him a gelding, or some two yeares tithe,  
For he all bribes and simony defy'th.  
Is not one pick-thank stirring in the court,  
That feld was free till now, by all report.  
But some one, like a claw-back parasite,  
Pick'd mothes from his masters cloake in fight,  
Whiles he could pick out both his eyes for need,  
Mought they but stand him in some better stead.  
Nor now no more smell-feast Vitellio  
Smiles on his master for a meal or two,  
And loves him in his maw, loaths in his heart,  
Yet soothes, and yeas and nays on either part.  
Tattelius, the new-come traveller,  
With his disguised coate and ringed eare,

Trampling

Trampling the bourse's marble twice a day,  
Tells nothing but stark truths I dare well say;  
Nor would he have them known for any thing,  
Tho' all the vault of his loud murmur ring.

Not one man tells a lye of all the yeare,  
Except the Almanack or the Chronicler.

But not a man of all the damned crew,  
For hills of gold would sweare the thing untrue.

Pansophus now, though all in the cold sweat,  
Dares venture through the feared castle-gate,  
Albe the faithful oracles have foresayne,  
The wisest senator shall there be slaine:

That made him long keepe home as well it might,  
Till now he hopeth of some wiser wight.

The vale of Stand-gate, or the Suter's hill,  
Or westerne plaine are free from feared ill.

Let him that hath nought, feare nought I areed:  
But he that hath ought hye him, and God speed.

Nor drunken Dennis doth, by breake of day,  
Stumble into blind taverns by the way,  
And reel me homeward at the ev'ning starre,  
Or ride more eas'ly in his neighbour's chayre.

Well might these checks have fitted former times,  
And shoulder'd angry Skelton's breathlesse rhymes.

Ere Chrysafalus had barr'd the common boxe,  
Which erft he pick'd to store his private stocks;  
But now hath all with vantage paid againe,  
And locks and plates what doth behind remaine;  
When erft our dry-soul'd fires so lavish were,  
To charge whole boots-full to their friends welfare;  
Now shalt thou never see the salt beset  
With a big-bellied gallon flagonet.

Of an ebbe cruise must thirsty Silen sip,  
That's all forestalled by his upper lip ;  
Somewhat it was that made his paunch so peare,  
His girdle fell ten inches in a yea're.  
Or when old gouty bed-rid Euclio  
To his officious factor fair could shew  
His name in margent of some old cast bill,  
And say, Lo ! whom I named in my will,  
Whiles he believes, and looking for the share  
Tendeth his cumbrous charge with busy care  
For but a while ; for now he sure will die,  
By his strange qualme of liberality.  
Great thanks he gives—but God him shield and save  
From ever gaining by his master's grave :  
Only live long and he is well repaid,  
And wets his forced cheeks while thus he faid ;  
Some strong-smell'd onion shall stir his eyes  
Rather than no salt teares shall then arise.  
So looks he like a marble toward raine,  
And wrings and smites, and weeps, and wipes again :  
Then turns his back and smiles, and looks askance,  
Seas'ning again his sorrow'd countenance ;  
Whiles yet he wearies heav'n with daily cries,  
And backward death with devout sacrifice,  
That they would now his tedious ghost bereav'n,  
And wishes well, that wish'd no worse than heav'n.  
When Zoylus was fiske, he knew not where,  
Save his wrought night-cap, and lawn pillowbear.  
Kind fooles ! they made him sick that made him fine ;  
Take those away, and there's his medicine.  
Or Gellia wore a velvet mastick-patch  
Upon her temples when no tooth did ache ;

When

When beauty was her rheume I soon espy'd,  
Nor could her plaster cure her of her pride.  
These vices were, but now they ceas'd off long :  
Then why did I a righteous age that wrong ?  
I would repent me were it not too late,  
Were not the angry world prejudicate.  
If all the seven penitential  
Or thousand white-wands might me ought availe ;  
If Trent or Thames could scour my soule offence  
And set me in my former innocence,  
I would at last repent me of my rage :  
Now, bear my wrong, I thine, O righteous age.  
As for fine wits, an hundred thousand sold  
Passeth our age whatever times of old.  
For in that pysisne world, our fires of long  
Could hardly wag their too unwieldy tongue  
As pined crowes and parrots can do now,  
When hoary age did bendl their wrinkled brow :  
And now of late did many a learned man  
Serve thirty yeares prenticeship with Priscian ;  
But now can every novice speake with ease  
The far-fetch'd language of th' Antipodes.  
Would'st thou the tongues that erst were learned hight,  
Tho' our wise age hath wip'd them of their right ;  
Would'st thou the courtly three in most request,  
Or the two barbarous neighbours of the West ?  
Bibinus selfe can have ten tongues in one,  
Tho' in all ten not one good tongue alone.  
And can deep skill lie smothering within,  
Whiles neither smoke nor flame discerned bin ?  
Shall it not be a wild-fig in a wall,  
Or fired brimstone in a minerall ?

Do thou disdain, O ever-learned age !  
The tongue-ty'd silence of that Samian sage :  
Forth ye fine wits and rush into the presse,  
And for the cloyed world your works addresse.  
Is not a gnat, nor fly, nor feely ant,  
But a fine wit can make an elephant.  
Should Bandell's thrastle die without a song,  
Or Adamantius, my dog, be laid along,  
Downe in some ditch without his exequies,  
Or epitaphs, or mournful elegies ?  
Folly itself, and baldnesse may be prais'd,  
And sweet conceits from filthy objects rais'd.  
What do not fine wits dare to undertake ?  
What dare not fine wits do for honour's sake ?  
But why doth Balbus his dead-doing quill  
Parch in his rusty scabbard all the while ;  
His golden fleece o'ergrown with mouldy hoare  
As tho' he had his witty works forswore ?  
Belike of late now Balbus hath no need,  
Nor now belike his shrinking shoulders dread  
The catch-poll's fist—The presse may still remaine  
And breathe, till Balbus be in debt againe.  
Scon may that be ! so I had silent beene,  
And not thus rak'd up quiet crimes unseen.  
Silence is safe, when saying stirreth sore  
And makes the stirred puddle stink the more.  
Shall the controller of proud Nemesis  
In lawlesse rage upbraid each other's vice,  
While no man seeketh to reflect the wrong,  
And curb the raunge of his mis-ruly tongue ?  
By the two crownes of Parnasse ever-green,  
And by the cloven head of Hippocrene

As I true poet am, I here avow  
(So solemnly kis'd he his laurell bough)  
If that bold satire unrevenged be  
For this so saucy and foule injury.  
So Labeo weens it my eternal shame  
To prove I never earn'd a poet's name,  
But would I be a poet if I might,  
To rub my browes three days and wake three nights,  
And bite my nails, and scratch my dullard head,  
And curse the backward Muses on my bed  
About one peevish syllable ; which out sought  
I take up Thales joy, save for fore-thought  
How it shall please each ale-knight's censuring eye,  
And hang'd my head for fear they deem awry :  
While thread-bare Martiall turns his merry note  
To beg of Rufus a cast winter-coate ;  
While hungry Marot leapeth at a beane,  
And dieth like a starved Cappuchein ;  
Go Ariost, and gape for what may fall  
From trencher of a flattering cardinall ;  
And if thou gettest but a pedant's fee,  
Thy bed, thy board, and coarser livery,  
O honour far beyond a brazen shrine,  
To sit with Tarleton on an ale post's signe !  
Who had but lived in Augustus' dayes,  
'Thad been some honour to be crown'd with bayes ;  
When Lucan stretched on his marble bed  
To think of Cæsar, and great Pompey's deed :  
Or when Achelaus shav'd his mourning head,  
Soon as he heard Stefichorus was dead.  
At least, would some good body of the rest  
Set a gold pen on their baye-wreathed crest ;

Or

Or would their face in stamped coin expresse,  
As did the Mytelens their poeteſſe.  
Now as it is, beſhrew him if he might,  
That would his browes with Cæſar's laurell dight.  
Tho' what ail'd me, I might not well as they  
Rake up ſome forworne tales that ſmother'd lay  
In chimney corners smoak'd with winter fires,  
To read and rock aſleep our drowfy fires?  
No man his threshold better knowes, than I  
Brute's firſt arrival, and firſt victory;  
St. George's forrell, or his croſſe of blood,  
Arthur's round board, or Caledonian wood,  
Or holy battles of bold Charlemaine,  
What were his knights did Salem's ſiege maintaine:  
How the mad rival of faire Angelice  
Was phyſick'd from the new-found paradise.  
High ſtories they, which with their ſwelling ſtraine  
Have riven Frontoe's broad rehearsal plaine.  
But ſo to fill up books, both backe and fide,  
What needs it? Are there not enow beside?  
O age well thriven and well fortunate,  
When each man hath a muſe appropriate;  
And ſhe, like to ſome ſervile eare-boar'd slave  
Muſt play and ſing when and what he'd have!  
Would that were all—ſmall fault in number lies,  
Were not the feare from whence it ſhould arife.  
But can it be ought but a ſpurious ſeed  
That growes ſo rife in ſuch unlikely ſpeed?  
Sith Pontian left his barren wife at home,  
And spent two years at Venice and at Rome,  
Returned, hears his bleſſing ask'd of three,  
Cries out, O Julian law! adulterey!

Tho'

Tho' Labeo reaches right (who can deny?)  
The true strains of heroick poesy ;  
For he can tell how fury reft his sense,  
And Phœbus fill'd him with intelligence.  
He can implore the heathen deities  
To guide his bold and busy enterprize ;  
Or filch whole pages at a clap for need  
From honest Petrarch, clad in English weed ;  
While big *but ob's!* each stanza can begin,  
Whose trunk and taile fluttish and heartlesse been.  
He knowes the grace of that new elegance,  
Which sweet Philisides fetch'd of late from France,  
That well beseem'd his high-stil'd Arcady,  
Tho' others marre it with much liberty,  
In epithets to joine two wordes in one  
Forsooth, for adjectives can't stand alone :  
As a great poet could of Bacchus say,  
That he was *Semele-femori-gena*.  
Lastly he names the spirit of Astrophel;  
Now hath not Labeo done wondrous well ?  
But ere his Muse her weapon learn to weild,  
Or dance a sober pirrhicke in the field,  
Or marching wade in blood up to the knees,  
Her *arma virum* goes by two degrees,  
The sheepe-cote first hath beepe her nursery  
Where she hath worne her idle infancy,  
And in high startups walk'd the pastr'd plaines,  
To tend her tasked herd that there remaines,  
And winded still a pipe of oate or breare,  
Striving for wages who the praise shall beare ;  
As did whilere the homely Carmelite,  
Following Virgil, and he Theocrite ;

Or

Or else hath beene in Venus chamber train'd  
To play with Cupid, till she had attain'd  
To comment well upon a beauteous face,  
Then was she fit for an heroick place ;  
As witty Pontan in great earnest said,  
His mistress' breasts were like two weights of lead.  
Another thinks her teeth might liken'd be  
To two faire rankes of pales of ivory,  
To fence in sure the wild beast of her tongue,  
From either going far, or going wrong ;  
Her grinders like two chalk-stones in a mill,  
Whch shall with time and wearing waxe as ill  
As old Catillaes, which wont every night  
Lay up her holy pegs till next day-light,  
And with them grind soft-simpring all the day,  
When least her laughter should her gums bewray  
Her hands must hide her mouth if she but smile ;  
Faine would she seem all frixe and frolicke still.  
Her forehead faire is like a brazen hill  
Whose wrinkled furrows which her age doth breed  
Are dawbed full of Venice chalke for need :  
Her eyes like silver saucers faire beset  
With shining amber, and with shady let,  
Her lids like Cupid's bow case, where he hides  
The weapons that doth wound the wanton-ey'd :  
Her chin like Pindus, or Parnassus hill,  
Where down descends th' o'erflowing stream doth fill  
The well of her faire mouth.—Each hath his praise,  
Who would not but wed poets now a dayes !



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